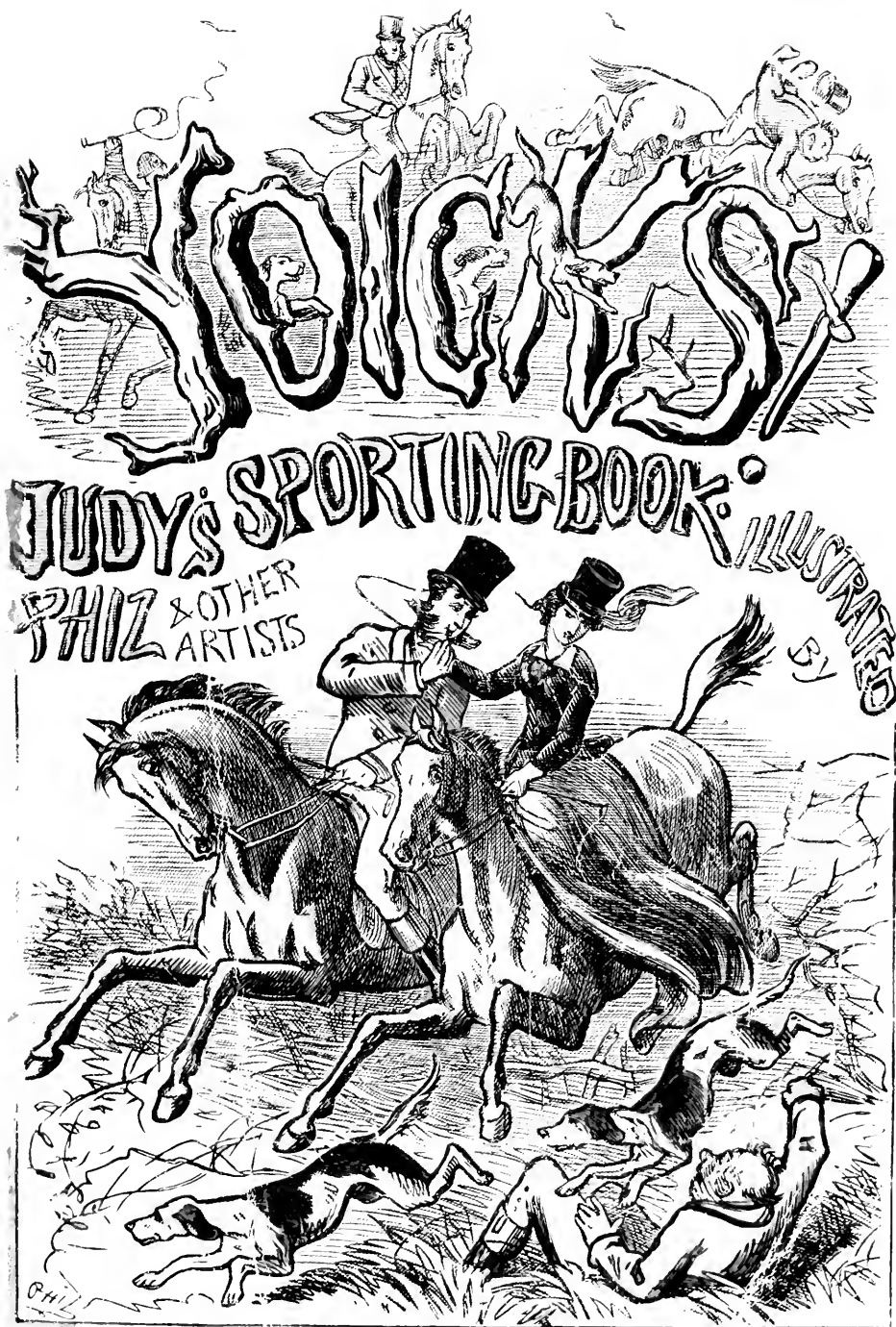


ONE SHILLING.



"Judy" Office, 73 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

29, 74 211-17-10
10.
THE TOPIC OF THE DAY.

THE OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS.—FEVER AT NICOSIA.

Jeopardy of Life.—The Great Danger of Delay.



After suffering from **FEVER FOUR TIMES**, in each attack with great severity—in fact, three of them could not have been more dangerous or critical—from a very extensive and careful observation, extending over a period of forty years, I am perfectly satisfied the “true cause” of fever is disordered condition of the liver. The office of the liver is to cleanse the blood as a scavenger might sweep the streets. When the liver is not working properly a quantity of effete matter is left floating in the blood. Under these circumstances, should the poison-germ of fever be absorbed then the disease results; on the contrary, any one whose liver and other organs are in a normal condition may be subjected to precisely the same conditions as to the contagious influences and yet escape the fever. This, I consider, explains satisfactorily the seeming mystery that some persons who are placed in circumstances peculiarly favourable for the development of fever, who, in fact, living in the very midst of it, escape unscathed. This being the case, the importance of **KEEPING THE LIVER IN ORDER CANNOT BE OVER-ESTIMATED**; and I have pleasure in directing attention to my **FRUIT SALT**, which, in the form of a pleasant beverage, will correct the action of the liver, and thus prevent the many **DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCES**: not only as an efficient means of **WARDING OFF FEVERS** and **MALARIOUS DISEASES**, but as a **REMEDY FOR** and **PREVENTIVE OF BILIOUS** or **SICK HEADACHES**, **CONSTIPATION**, **VOMITING**, **THIRST**, **ERRORS OF EATING** and **DRINKING**, **SKIN ERUPTIONS**, **GIDDINESS**, **HEARTBURN**, &c. If its great value in keeping the body in health was **UNIVERSALLY KNOWN**, **NO FAMILY WOULD BE WITHOUT A SUPPLY**. In many forms of fever, or at the **COMMENCEMENT** of any **FEVER**, **ENO'S FRUIT SALT ACTS** as a **SPECIFIC**. No one can have a simpler or more efficient remedy; by its use the **POISON IS THROWN OFF** and the **BLOOD RESTORED TO ITS HEALTHY CONDITION**. I used my **FRUIT SALT** freely in my last attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life.—J. C. Eno, Hatcham Fruit Salt Works, S.E.

HOW TO CHECK DISEASE AT THE ONSET.

USE ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—IMPORTANT TO ALL TRAVELLERS.—“Please send me half a dozen bottles of **ENO'S FRUIT SALT**. I have tried **ENO'S FRUIT SALT** in America, India, Egypt, and on the Continent, for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all travellers; in fact, I am never without it.—Yours faithfully, AN ENGLISHMAN, F.R.G.S., M.R.A.S., &c.; Executive Engineer, P.W.D., Government of India, June 26, 1868.”

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.—The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. **ENO'S FRUIT SALT** is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by all who keep and use **ENO'S FRUIT SALT**; therefore no family should ever be without it. “All our customers for **ENO'S FRUIT SALT** would not be without it upon any consideration, they having received so much benefit from it.”—Woods Bros., Chemists, Jersey, 1878.

“Rosina Cottage, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, January 29, 1877.

“Mr. ENO.—Dear Sir,—The effects in my case are truly astonishing, as I am constitutionally bilious, and am now 52 years of age. My mother and youngest sister were never cured of sickness (biliousness seems hereditary), and I quite expected to suffer like them for the rest of my life. I am now taking my fourth bottle, and was joined in the others by some of my family, so that I have taken scarcely three bottles. I feel I ought to make some acknowledgement, so trust you will excuse this.—Yours sincerely, ELIZA PELLING.”

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked “**ENO'S FRUIT SALT**.” Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. **SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.** Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. **FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E.**

86-587

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Patterns Free.

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ESTABLISHED 1843.

FOREIGN STAMPS



50 VARIETIES 7d.
Servia, Egypt,
Brazil, Cuba, &c.

100 SCARCE
VARIETIES,
1s. 7d., Finland,
Moldo-Wallachia,
Rome, Hanover, &c.

Now Ready for 1878.
New Packets of
Used Stamps.
New Packets of
Unused Stamps.
New Sets of Used
& Unused Stamps
New Packets of
Crests.

Illustrated Price
Catalogue,
post free, 3d.

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PERSONS TROUBLED
with CORNS or WARTS
should at once procure a bottle of

ROBINSON'S
PATENT CORN SOLVENT,
which never fails to quickly re-
move them. Price 7½d. or 13½d.
per Bottle. Per post, 2d. extra
in stamps.

ROBINSON'S

TOOTHACHE SYRINGE,
Used by One Hundred Thousand Persons annually.
To be had from all Chemists at 6d. each, or per post
on receipt of 8d. in stamps, from

PROPRIETOR,

B. ROBINSON, Chemist, Manchester.

BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

BAILEY'S PATENT ABDO-
MINAL BELTS. *Vide* LANCET, April 7,
1877.—The greatest improvement ever effect-
ed; cannot shift or "ruck up." Prices: Silk, 45s.;
Cotton, 35s.; Second Quality, 25s.—Address the
Superintendent, Ladies' Department.

BAILEY'S IMPROVED CHEST-
EXPANDING BRACES.—Invaluable for

BAILEY'S ELASTIC STOCK-
INGS.—Strong, light, and porous. Cotton,
6s. 6d.; Silk, 10s. 6d., 14s. 6d., 17s. 6d. each.
For measurement send the circumferences at calf,
ankle, and instep.

BAILEY'S TRUSSES.
With or without springs. Every known

CRUIKSHANK (GEORGE, JR.). Yoick! Heads and Tales, Tips and Turns Over,
(with a Spill or Two Thrown In) By Phiz, Judy's Other Sporting Artists,
and Judy's Special Sporting Commissioner, (The Other Jones). To which
are added A Few Plasters and Splinters By Charles H. Ross. *With* 5
COLORED and many plain illustrations by "Phiz" (in his best style), and
George Cruikshank, Jr. 8vo, pictorial wrappers, rebacked. Enclosed in
red cloth protecting wrapper. London: "Judy" Office [1878]

FIRST EDITION. At the end of the volume there is a chapter on "The other Jones's
Friend's Coach," with several woodcuts, including two full-page cuts signed, "George
Cruikshank," and two full-page cuts signed "G. C. Jnr."

From the J. Barton Townsend collection, with bookplate.
various kinds of Cocoa.

Pearl and
other Cocoas
retailed
at about
8d.
per lb.

5

Homœopathic and
other prepared
Cocoas
retailed at
about
1/4 per lb.

8

CADBURY'S
COCOA
ESSENCE.

29

Cadbury's Paris Depot: 90 FAUBOURG ST. HONORÉ.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS WHICH ARE OFTEN PUSHED BY SHOPKEEPERS FOR THE SAKE OF EXTRA PROFIT.

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satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all travellers; in fact, I am never without it.—Yours faithfully, AN ENGLISHMAN, F.R.G.S., M.R.A.S., &c.; Executive Ensign, India, June

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S COPY, with his autograph signature, and which is a very early signature.—Geo. Cruikshank. 1820. margins are numerous words in his autograph, in pencil. Contains 32 ORIGINAL PENCIL SKETCHES by George Cruikshank, verso of engraved plates, in margin of engraved plate title-page, verso of engraved plates, in margin of engraved plates the volume. The sketches on the end-leaves at the back of volume the costume of the Sixteenth Century, and a bust portrait of I One of the most interesting and early Cruikshank volumes for sale in recent years.

HOW TO
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143. **CRUIKSHANK DRAWING. LAVATER (J. C.). Physiognomy; ing Analogy between the Conformation of the Features and the Mind. Translated from the original work**

“Rosina Cottage, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, January 29, 1877.

“Mr. ENO.—Dear Sir,—The effects in my case are truly astonishing, as I am constitutionally bilious, and am now 52 years of age. My mother and youngest sister were never cured of sickness (biliousness seems hereditary), and I quite expected to suffer like them for the rest of my life. I am now taking my fourth bottle, and was joined in the others by some of my family, so that I have taken scarcely three bottles. I feel I ought to make some acknowledgement, so trust you will excuse this.—Yours sincerely, ELIZA PELLING.”

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Patterns Free.

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ESTABLISHED 1843.

FOREIGN STAMPS



50 VARIETIES 7d.
Servia, Egypt,
Brazil, Cuba, &c.
100 SCARCE
VARIETIES,
1s. 7d., Finland,
Moldo-Wallachia,
Rome, Hanover, &c.
Now Ready for 1878.
New Packets of
Used Stamps.
New Packets of
Unused Stamps.
New Sets of Used
& Unused Stamps
New Packets of
Crests.
Illustrated Price
Catalogue,
post-free, 3d.

STANLEY, GIBBONS & CO., 8 COWER STREET, LONDON.



PERSONS TROUBLED
with CORNS or WARTS
should at once procure a bottle of

ROBINSON'S
PATENT CORN SOLVENT,

which never fails to quickly re-
move them. Price 7½d. or 13½d.
per Bottle. Per post, 2d. extra
in stamps.

ROBINSON'S

TOOTHACHE SYRINGE,

Used by One Hundred Thousand Persons annually.
To be had from all Chemists at 6d. each, or per post
on receipt of 8d. in stamps, from

PROPRIETOR,

B. ROBINSON, Chemist, Manchester.

BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

BAILEY'S PATENT ABDOMINAL BELTS. *Vide LANCET, April 7, 1877.*—The greatest improvement ever effected; cannot shift or "ruck up." Prices: Silk, 45s.; Cotton, 35s.; Second Quality, 25s.—Address the Superintendent, Ladies' Department.

BAILEY'S IMPROVED CHEST-EXPANDING BRACES.—Invaluable for growing children. Price 12s. 6d. State age and sex.

BAILEY'S ELASTIC STOCKINGS.—Strong, light, and porous. Cotton, 6s. 6d.; Silk, 10s. 6d., 14s. 6d., 17s. 6d. each. For measurement send the circumference in calf, ankle, and instep.

BAILEY'S TRUSSES.
With or without springs. Every known description manufactured on the premises, and properly adapted to suit the case.

Illustrated Catalogue Post-free on application.
MANUFACTURERS OF THE "MELTON HUNTING BELT."

W. H. BAILEY & SON, 16 Oxford St., London, W.C.

It is often asked, "Why does my doctor recommend Cadbury's Cocoa Essence?" The reason is, that being absolutely genuine, and concentrated by the removal of the superfluous fat, it contains four times the amount of nitrogenous or flesh-forming constituents than the average of other Cocos which are mixed with sugar and starch. Blocks below show the proportion of nitrogenous constituents in each 100 parts of various kinds of Cocoa.

Pearl and
other Cocos
retailed
at about
8d.
per lb.

5

Homœopathic and
other prepared
Cocos
retailed at
about
1¼ per lb.

8

CADBURY'S
COCOA
ESSENCE.

29

Cadbury's Paris Depot: 90 FAUBOURG ST. HONORÉ.

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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

IS THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

ADVICE TO INVALIDS.—If you wish to obtain quiet refreshing sleep, free from headache, relief from pain and anguish, to calm and assuage the weary aching of protracted disease, invigorate the nervous media, and regulate the circulating systems of the body, you will provide yourself with that marvellous remedy discovered by Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE, Member of the College of Physicians, London, to which he gave the name of

CHLORODYNE,

And which is admitted by the Profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered.

CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in **DIARRHŒA**, and is the only specific in **CHOLERA** and **DYSENTERY**.

CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for **COUGHS**, **CONSUMPTION**, **BRONCHITIS**, **ASTHMA**, **NEURALGIA**.

CHLORODYNE effectually cuts short all attacks of **EPILEPSY**, **HYSTERIA**, **PALPITATION**, and **SPASMS**.

J. C. BAKER, Esq., M.D., Bideford.—“It is, without doubt, the most valuable and *certain* Anodyne we have.”

Dr. McMILLMAN, of New Galloway, Scotland.—“I consider it the most valuable medicine known.”

CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly, the inventor of **CHLORODYNE**; that the story of the defendant FREEMAN was deliberately untrue, which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See *Times*, 13th July, 1864.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each.

None is genuine without the Words “Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S **CHLORODYNE**” on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle.

CAUTION.—Beware of Piracy and Imitations.

Sole Manufacturer—J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, BAKER STREET, W.

THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE CONGRESS.

The Fac-Simile of the Lying in State of the late POPE PIUS IX. at ST. PETERS.

DR. NOBILING.

ENTIRE RENOVATION OF THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

THE GALLOWES.

This actual GALLOWES, just acquired at MADAME TUSSAUD AND SON'S, we should mention that it has been put to its terrible use now for upwards of fifty years, and who knows how many agonized souls it has silently launched into eternity? The GALLOWES itself is a perfect piece of destructive ingenuity, and must be seen for its fearful aptitude to be fully understood, and the drop would make the most callous turn cold to contemplate. There is also a temporary platform, with a falling leaf supported by bolts, upon which the wretched culprit is placed, and these are so perfectly, though ominously fixed, that in an instant they swerve and the victim is launched into eternity. Not a crevice is there for escape, not a weakness anywhere for failure. “The wages of sin is death,” has been for fifty years the motto under which this thing has done its appalling work of expiation. It now stands at rest at MADAME TUSSAUD'S beside its sister, the French Guillotine. The sight of this thing tells in unspeakable words how terrible is the punishment of crime more forcibly than the most eloquent homily that was ever uttered. It is now an historical record of the greatest value.

ADMISSION 1s.

Children under Twelve, 6d.

Extra Rooms, 6d.

Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

Travellers by Metropolitan Railway stop at Baker Street Station.

GIVES HEALTH! STRENGTH! COMFORT! AND QUIET NIGHTS!

Dr. Ridge's PATENT COOKED Food

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, &c

TESTIMONIAL.—DR. BARTLETT, the eminent analyst, who was examined before the Adulteration Committee of the House of Commons, writes: "Gentlemen,—I have compared a very elaborate analysis of your food. It proves perfectly genuine, and the preparation it has undergone during the lengthened process of gentle heating prevents any liability to the hatching of animal life, so common among raw farinaceous food. As food for children during and after dentition, these constituents contain the elements of strong flesh-forming nutriment; while for invalids, the lightness consequent upon the time occupied in cooking must be a most valuable quality."—*Dr. Ridge's Food makes delicious CUSTARDS, BAKED PUDDINGS, and BLANCHMANGES; it is also largely used for the Kensing Soups, Gravies, &c.*

Sold by Chemists and Grocers everywhere, 4d. to 1s. 6d.
 Manufactory: Dr. RIDGE & CO., ROYAL FOOD MILLS, KINGSLAND, LONDON.

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE

WORLD RENOWNED

In Bottles 2s., 5s., and 10s. each; and One Gallon Cans for the use of Kennels, 45s. each.

From LORD LURGAN, Owner of "MASTER McGRATH," three times Winner of the Waterloo Cup, &c.

"Brownbra House, Lurgan, Ireland, December 5th, 1872.

"I have used Benbow's Mixture for some years for my Greyhounds, and am quite satisfied that it improves the health and condition of the Dogs.

"(Signed), LURGAN."

BENBOW'S DOG SOAP,

IN TABLETS, SIXPENCE EACH.

THOROUGHLY CLEANSSES THE SKIN, REMOVING ALL INSECTS, ETC.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS,

Manufactory—12 LITTLE BRITAIN, LONDON, E.C.

USE

STEINER'S VERMIN PASTE,

For RATS, COCKROACHES, &c.

Sold by all Chemists, in 3d., 6d., and 1s. Glass Jars, with Directions for Use.

CONSTANTLY HAVE IN READINESS

CHAS. LOWDER,
 M.D., L.R.C.S.,
 Ryde, Isle of Wight,
 Dec. 18, 1876, writes:
 "I have used 'Pond's Extract' for some years, and have found it of much service, especially for Piles, where its action was very marked."



Cures Rheumatism,
 Neuralgia, Gout, Pains, Aches
 and Swellings, Ulcers, Piles, Hemorrhages, &c.

ESTABLISHED THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.

This renowned Extract is administered internally, and applied as a lotion.

POND'S
 Extract Company,

Sold everywhere at 1s. 1d.,
 2s. 3d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. per
 bottle, or sent to any address on
 receipt of 1s. 3d., 3s. 6d., or 112 stamps,
 by the

A COLONEL in the
 ENGLISH ARMY,
 whose name is with-
 held by request,
 writes: "Your fluid
 is a miracle in heal-
 ing ulcers and sores."
 He is now cured.

Sole Proprietors,
 482 Oxford Street, London,
 AND AT NEW YORK.

MAKE YOUR OWN CHARCOAL, THE NEW CURE

for INDIGESTION, and its terrible train of Diseases, BILIOUS and LIVER COMPLAINTS, Habitual Constipation, Rheumatism, and all affections of the Chest and Kidneys. Recipe for its preparation and use, together with a trial Box of CONCENTRATED CHARCOAL DIGESTION PILLS, sent free on application. Enclose Stamped Addressed Envelope to "Manager, Sanitary Carbon Company, Nottingham." Dr. Bassall says "Your Charcoal is pure, well carbonised, and being prepared with great care, is well adapted for medicinal purposes."

MOST USEFUL AND VALUABLE FAMILY MEDICINE.

Never leave Home

Established



without these Pills.

A.D. 1835.

By the use of these Pills for more than Forty Years MANY THOUSANDS OF CURES have been effected, numbers of which cases had been pronounced INCURABLE! The numerous, well-authenticated Testimonials in disorders of the **HEAD, CHEST, BOWELS, LIVER, and KIDNEYS**, also in **RHEUMATISM, ULCERS, SORES**, and all **SKIN DISEASES**, are sufficient to prove the **GREAT VALUE** of this most useful Family Medicine, it being

A DIRECT PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD

And other fluids of the human body.

Many persons have found these Pills of great service both in preventing and relieving **SEA-SICKNESS**; and in Warm Climates they are very beneficial in all **Bilious Complaints**.

ALSO

WHELPتون'S VEGETABLE STOMACH PILLS

Are particularly suited to Weakly Persons, being exceedingly mild and gradual in their operation, imparting tone and vigour to their Digestive Organs.

Safe Aperient,

Established

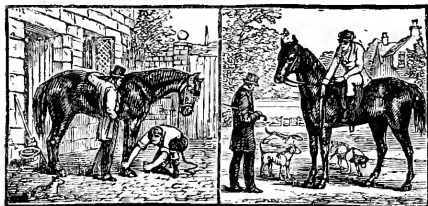


free from Mercurv.

A.D. 1835.

Sold in boxes, price 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d., by G. WHELPتون and SON, 3 CRANE COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON, and all Chemists and Medicine Vendors at home and abroad. Sent free by post in the United Kingdom for 8, 14, or 33 stamps.

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION.



Lame Hunter.

[Trade Mark.]

Royal Hunter Cured.

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION.

FOR SPRAINS OF ALL KINDS.
FOR SORE THROATS AND INFLUENZA.
FOR RHEUMATISM IN HORSES.
FOR BROKEN KNEES, BRUISES, WOUNDS.
FOR SORE MOUTHS IN SHEEP AND LAMBS.
FOR FOOT ROT.

Of Chemists and Saddlers, in bottles, 2s., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d.

PREPARED BY

ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO.,
SLOUGH.

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION
FOR RHEUMATISM, SPRAINS, & SORE THROATS, & FOR CHEST-COLDS, BRUISES, & SORE THROATS, & COLD AT THE CHEST.

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.—Counter-irritation is the treatment of an internal local inflammatory disease by an external local stimulating application. ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION is the best counter-irritant, and can be used with confidence in those diseases for which the medical profession recommends counter-irritants and rubefacients, such as:—
For Sore Throats and Cold at the Chest.
For Rheumatism and Lumbago.
For Strains, Sprains, and Bruises.
For Chaps and Chills before broken.
To Replace the Mustard Plaster.
Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.



Front.

THE HUNTING SEASON. Mr. Bodger has started fair, anyhow.

YOICKS!

HEADS AND TAILS, TIPS AND TURNS OVER,

(WITH A SPILL OR TWO THROWN IN)

By PHIZ,

JUDY'S OTHER SPORTING ARTISTS,

AND

JUDY'S SPECIAL SPORTING COMMISSIONER,

(THE OTHER JONES).



TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A FEW PLASTERS AND SPLINTERS

By CHARLES H. ROSS.

"Tally ho!"

"For'ard away!"

LONDON:

"JUDY" OFFICE, 73 FLEET STREET, E.C.



BREAKING COVER.

“YOICKS!” vociferated JUDY’S Special Sporting Commissioner.

“What is the exact meaning of that observation?” inquired JUDY’S Editor, “because, in these matters, it is almost best to be a little careful.”

“What’s it mean?” cried JUDY’S Special Sporting Commissioner, in a tone of withering sarcasm. “Surely, any child just left the nursery could tell you that! Look in the dictionary.”

On this JUDY’S Editor, to whom trouble is as nothing, consulted Johnson (in two volumes), and Walker (remodelled by Smart), and Buchanan’s Technological (explaining the terms of the arts, sciences, literature, professions, and trades), and Hotten’s Slang (revised and corrected, with many additions by Chatto and Windus); but he could find nothing whatever about “YOICKS!” although there was, up and down, a good deal about “tally-ho!”

“I say, look here,” said JUDY’S Editor: “suppose somebody comes into the shop and asks our Publisher what ‘YOICKS!’ means, and insists on being told before he pays his shilling?”

“With a hey, ho, chevy!” replied JUDY’S Special Sporting Commissioner.

“I beg your pardon?” said JUDY’S Editor, encircling his right ear with his right hand, the better to catch the remark.

“Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy!” added the S. S. Commissioner.

“No, but look here, joking apart,” said JUDY’S Editor: “supposing anybody does ask what is the meaning of ‘YOICKS!’”

* * * * *

Later on JUDY’S Special Sporting Commissioner was heard expressing his surprise that an Editor of that sort should be retained upon the premises.

*Saddle Room, 73 Fleet Street,
September, 1878.*

By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.



**SWINBORNE'S
PATENT REFINED
ISINGLASS.**

FOR INVALIDS AND CONFECTIONARY
PURPOSES.

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G. Swinborne

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PROPOSED TESTIMONIAL

TO

THE OTHER JONES.

A NUMBER of gentlemen with and without a taste for sport, who have long had the honour of listening to the Other Jones's recital of his adventures by land and sea at various times, for hours together, having expressed a desire to present him with a testimonial of respect, the following gentlemen have consented to act as a Committee to receive subscriptions to effect that object, and they earnestly solicit the co-operation of all true lovers of what is wild and weird and wonderful !

A. JONES (late the Only).

J. SMITH (of London).

T. BROWN (of the Provinces),

— ROBINSON (of Timbuctoo, when at home).

N.B.—It is suggested by the Committee, subject to general approval, that the testimonial in question should take the shape of a medal in putty.

Prize

LETTERS



Medals.

PATENT.



MR. G. H. JONES,



Surgeon Dentist.



ARTIFICIAL TEETH



London, 1862

Adapted on an entirely
NEW AND IMPROVED

System of



London, 1862

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

(Protected by Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent)

57, GT. RUSSELL ST.,

IMMEDIATELY OPPOSITE THE

BRITISH MUSEUM,

LONDON.



Paris, 1867.



New York, 1853.

PAMPHLET GRATIS AND POST FREE.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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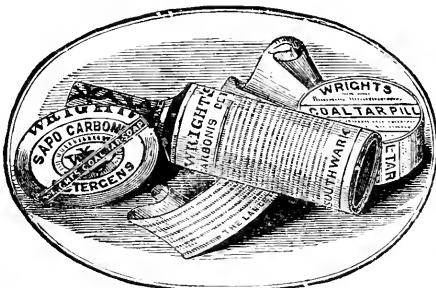
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SAPo CARBONIS DETERGENS.

Mr. Jas. Startin, M.R.C.S., Surgeon to St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, says:—



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Invented and Introduced by the Sole Proprietors,

W. V. WRIGHT & CO., LONDON.

YOICKS!

THE "DRAW."

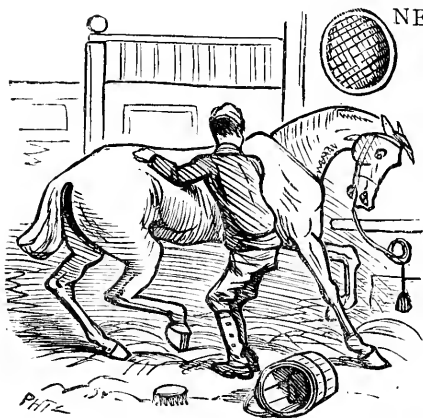


SMALL TALK.

LEGGINGS (sarcastic). *You know a lot about 'osses, don't you? which side do you generally get up?*

BOOTS (faccitious). *Well, outside, as a rule.*

A NECESSARY EXPLANATION.



NE has frequently been asked—Why is JUDY'S Jones called "*the Only*"?

As Jones was one of a numerous family of Joneses, with a tolerably large family of his own, and with brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, alive, it did strike JUDY'S Editor, himself, as just a little odd when first he heard it.

But in due time the explanation came. A blue-cheeked man with straggling eyebrows, who carried a change of linen in his hat, and had done his best to make a parcel of his russets and a dress sword with

an inadequately-sized pocket-handkerchief, stalked presently upon the scene, and, prodding JUDY'S Shop Boy through the window inside the front shop, where you buy shilling books and twopenny numbers, with the end of the sword-stick, he mentioned who he was.

He said, "I am Jones—the Only."

Upon this, the Shop Boy, who had passed sleepless nights striving to grapple with the problem, and falling out of bed instead, and waking his mother in the next room, clutched at the Stranger's coat-sleeve, and breathlessly implored him to explain in what his onliness consisted.

"I am," said the Stranger, in just the tone of voice the other *Stranger* might have used in a communication of importance to the late *Mrs. Haller*, "the only living member of our profession of the name of Jones who can boast of having been honoured by personal contact with the late Edmund Kean—a great man, sir," he continued, with a wave of his uplifted arm; and then sinking his voice, added—"Hasty-tempered, as great men are apt to be, and wore boots with toes to 'em like spikes."

* * * * *

AN UNNECESSARY EXPLANATION.

FROM THE OTHER JONES'S POINT OF VIEW.

WHEN, upon the occasion of the Other Jones's first visit to the JUDY Office, the Editor heard the stentorian tones of his voice upon the mat outside his private *sanctum*, he, on raising his eyes, fixed them on a spot about six feet from the ground, where he naturally supposed that the owner of the voice's head would presently appear round the doorpost. But when the Other Jones did come in, it was quite a foot lower down. He was a little man with a determined air on him, and a swagger; but he was a very little man,—mentally a giant, physically a weakling of the weakest, yet what a voice he had! small thunder when roused.

He came in, flourishing his cane in quite a threatening kind of way, causing the Editor for the first moment or two to wonder whether a libel had somehow by accident got into some overlooked corner in last week's issue, and he demanded so fiercely to have a personal interview with the Editor, that it was

AN UNNECESSARY EXPLANATION.

almost enough to have tempted most Editors in this Editor's place to meet the situation with a certain amount of diplomatic reserve.

But fear is an unknown sensation with the Editor in question, and he replied, "I am he. What do you want?"

The Other Jones did not appear to have heard the Editor, or perhaps did not think the Editor looked it, and he went on to say, "I wished to see the Editor upon a matter of business. The fact is, having some spare time upon my hands, it occurred to me I might possibly contribute to the columns of your journal. I am not at present desirous of taking up the pictorial department. He seems a tolerably good man, the one you have got to do your pictures" (the Other Jones appeared to think one man did all the illustrations, cartoon included); "I would rather, for the present, not interfere with him, as I haven't quite picked up the practical part as yet. Is it copper or steel you do the things on? But the literary portion might—your Editor will pardon me for saying so, I'm sure—be greatly improved upon. In point of fact, what you want is something—smart. You understand? Squibs, *jeux de mots*—in short, wit! It's wit you're wanting in. You shall have it. There, I will give it you. That is to say," he added, smiling, and digging, rather sharply, the Editor in the ribs, "I mean I will provide it, if we come to terms. Where is this precious Editor of yours, by the way? Just send for him, please. I've got an appointment, and am rather in a hurry. The fellow really ought to be at his post, you know, and not keep people waiting."

"If you please, sir," said the Editor, "if you will allow me, I——"

"Well," said the Other Jones, "go on, only cut it as short as you can, and go and find him. I'm losing precious time as it is."

"If you please, then, I am the Editor, and the Staff is quite complete; and would you mind giving one of the other comic papers a turn for twenty minutes or so? because I have sent in to Lynn's for some oysters, and——Here is Alfred with bread. All right, thank you! Good morning, sir! Some other day—make it a Bank Holiday, if you conveniently can. Good morning!"

* * * * *

"I say," said the Other Jones, sitting down upon the opposite side of the tray with the oysters on, "I've a sort of notion I know you. Weren't you with me in the Admiralty when the Crimean War broke out?"

"Very likely," said the Editor.

"I fancied I knew your face—you've grown awfully grey—but I can't quite recall your name even now. I recollect, though: you were in the same branch I was, and—weren't you just a jolly bad clerk, too? How are you getting on now, eh? What's your name?"

* * * * *

I leant back and thought.

I, too, had forgotten this Other Jones—(Heaven forbid that he should take umbrage upon this account! I have since then been so worried by a lot of things!)—but now the recollection of him as he was in those days came back to me as freshly as though it were but yesterday.

Was it not he who used to lay the law down to us other ones, and discourse at really alarming length upon the movements in fashionable life, the latest scandals, and the gossip of the "coolies"? Was it not he who, turning up one morning sea-green and sickly, attributed the circumstance to his having stopped up all night playing "a-cart," and drinking "Cury-Co"?

AN UNNECESSARY EXPLANATION.

He went out to the seat of war. We gave him a supper upon the eve of his starting, and he clung to things and made speeches long after the time originally fixed for the breaking-up of the festival, and sat about on doorsteps when we would have seen him home, saying we were none of us his true friends, and only wanted to get rid of him.

What accounts were those, too (all written by himself), that from time to time broke in upon the monotony of our official life—of deeds of daring after hours, skirmishes with Cossacks—daybreak in the trenches—the “potting” of half a dozen Russians before breakfast! William Russell has given you some faint idea of all this—but you should have read Jones’s letters! There was more than history about them. It was almost Hugo!

I was an inside passenger by the last boat (*i.e.*, ’bus) from the bridge of Waterloo to the southern extremities of civilization.

At that point—goodness only knows where it is by daylight—but at that spot where they call out “Hercules Buildings,” and all that is close-shaven and blue and pink and white and golden alights hurriedly, something alarming happened to a gentleman getting down from the box-seat, near side.

Something like an ivy-plant clinging wildly to projections, its feelers fluttering in the wind was visible through the omnibus windows. It turned out to be a reversed gentleman, who, in his efforts to reach *terra firma* any end up, was scattering coin from his waistcoat pockets.

“What’s he stuck to, in the name of—Matches?” cried the driver.

“The gent’s got spurs on,” said the conductor, “and one on ’m is fast in the top step!”

They got him loose at last without cutting his foot off. They got him the right end up, and he had peppermint lozenges and other restoratives given to him, and—it was Jones!

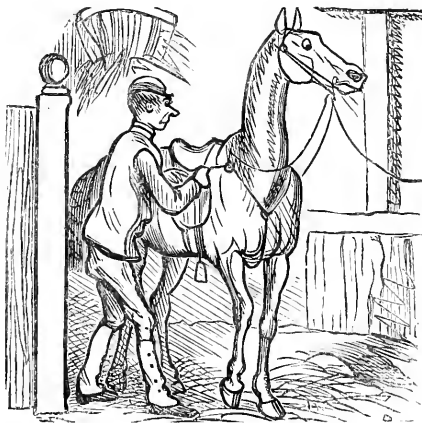
Jones come home from the Crimea. Jones who had, whilst at the Crimea, fallen as it were into such a habit of riding barebacked on untamed fieries, that he did not feel at home on the knifeboard of a ’bus or the deck of a Citizen steamer without his spurs.

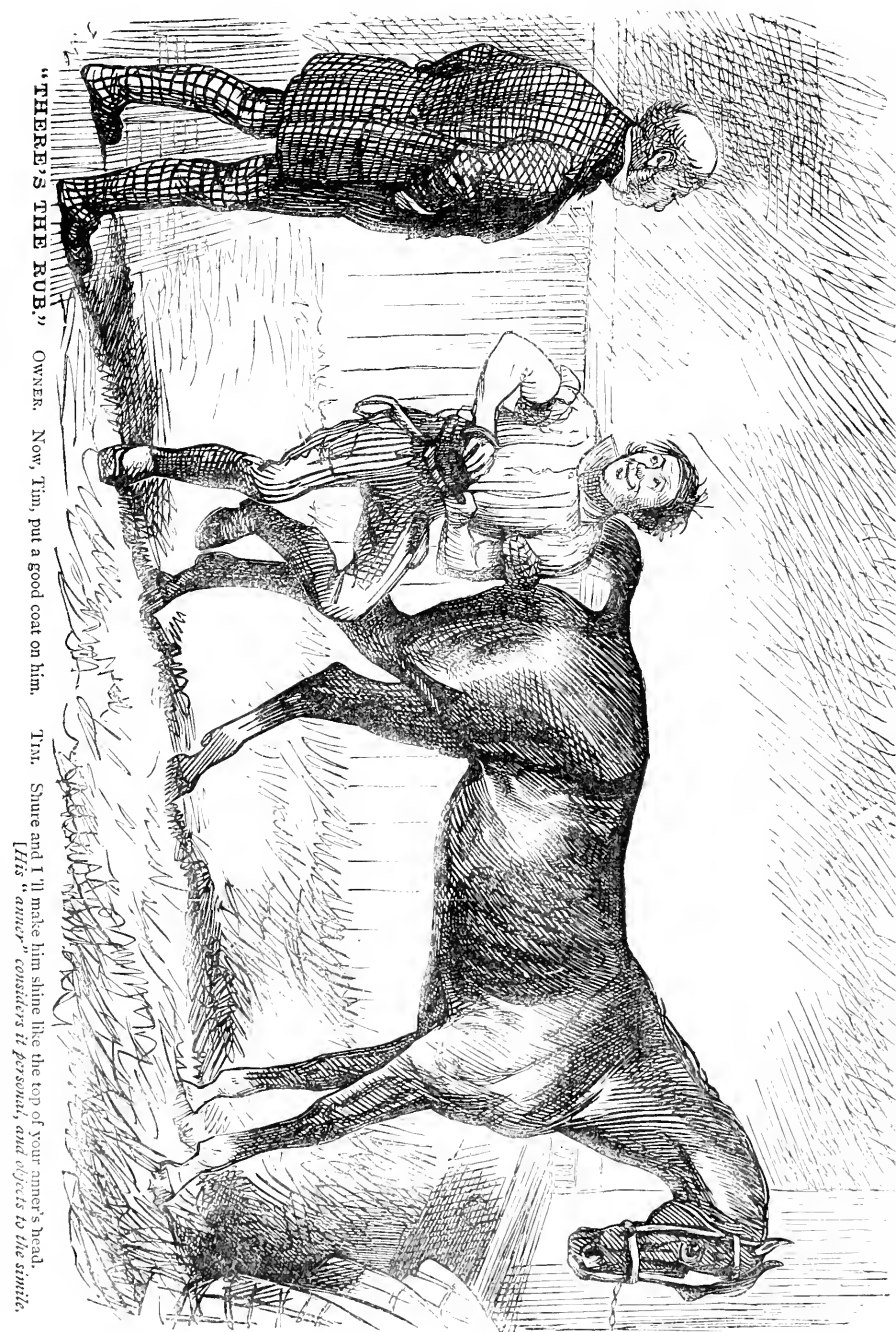
“Jones,” I cried,—I mean the Editor cried,—“we want a Special Sporting Commissioner. Consider yourself specially commissioned for that purpose.”

“You have chosen the right man,” he said, shaking hands with me.

“Have an oyster?”

“Thank you,” he replied; “I seldom eat them, but when I do begin, three dozen are a fool to it.”





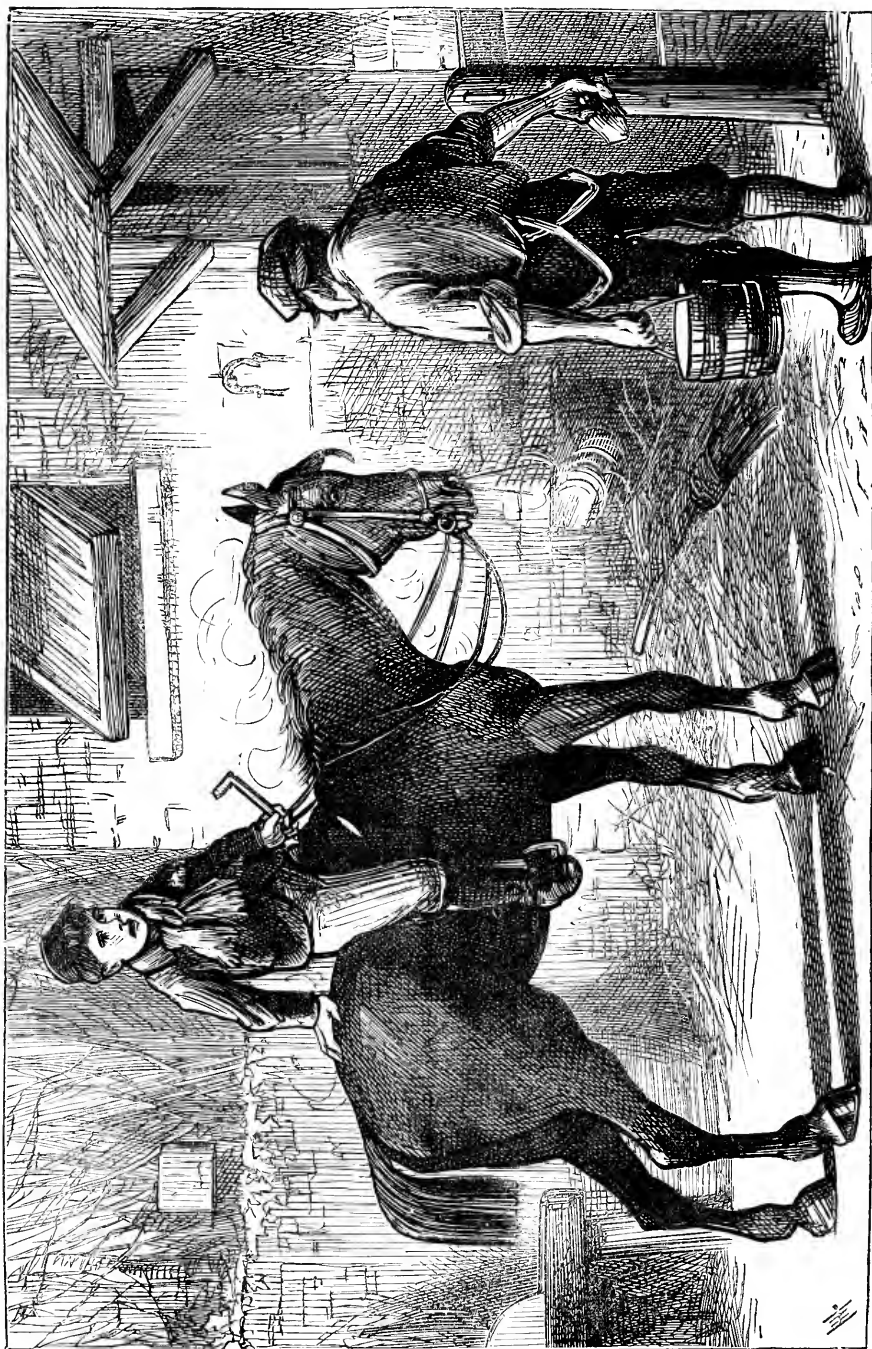
"THERE'S THE RUB."

OWNER. Now, Tim, put a good coat on him.

TIM.

Shure and I'll make him shine like the top of your anner's head.

[His "anner" considers it person, and objects to the simile.]

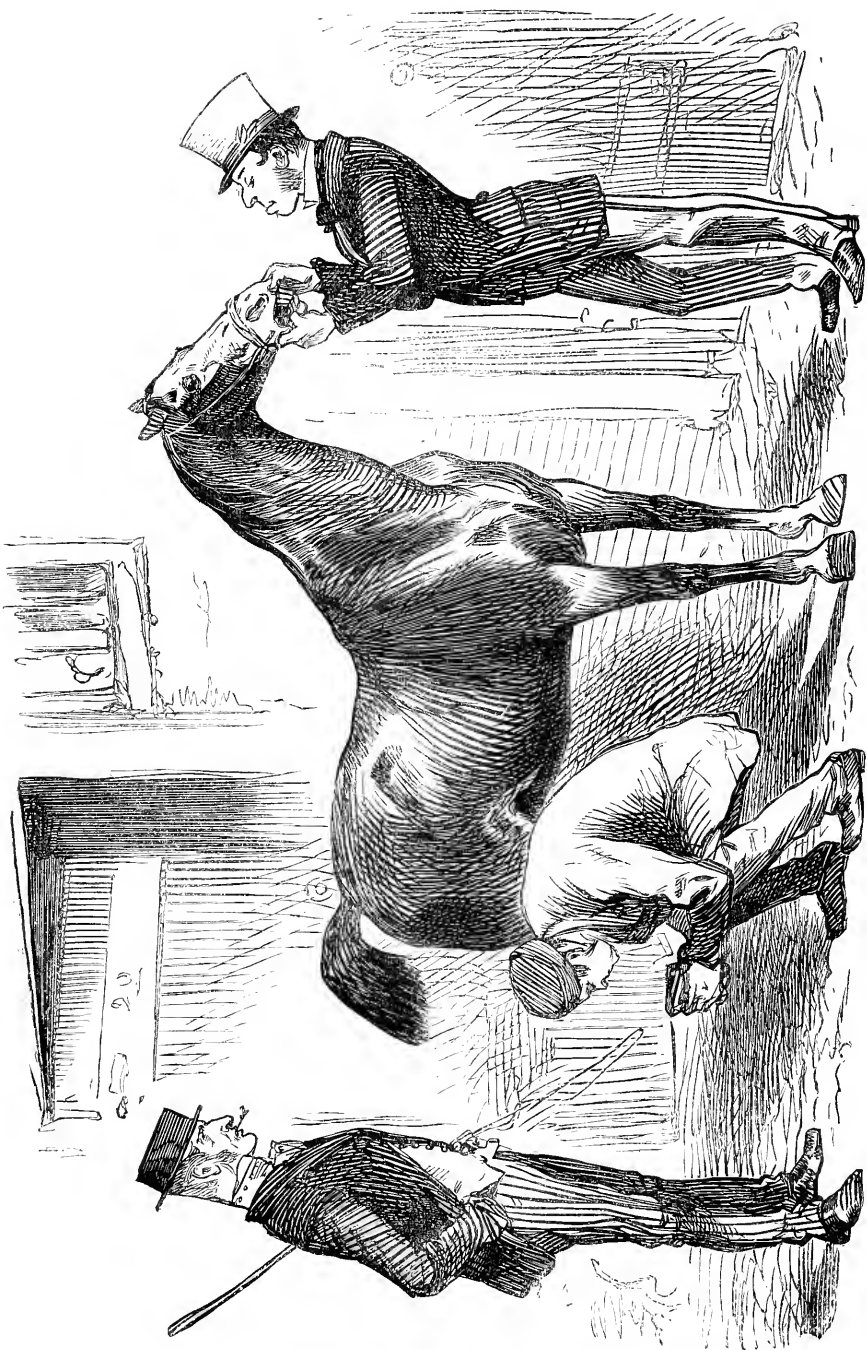


WE SHOULD THINK SO. YOUNG HUNTSMAN (*who has been giving his father's new brought-in horse a little exercise before the day's work*). She don't make a bad saddle horse, Johnson, but she's got a beastly habit of 'lighting on her knees after every fence—instead of her feet.

SECOND CHILDHOOD.

GENTLEMAN *(who has hired a Hibernian hack)*. Why, I thought you called him "the col"? OSTER. Sure and that's the name he's had for the last twenty year, and he sticks to it like a respectable baste, the same as your honor.



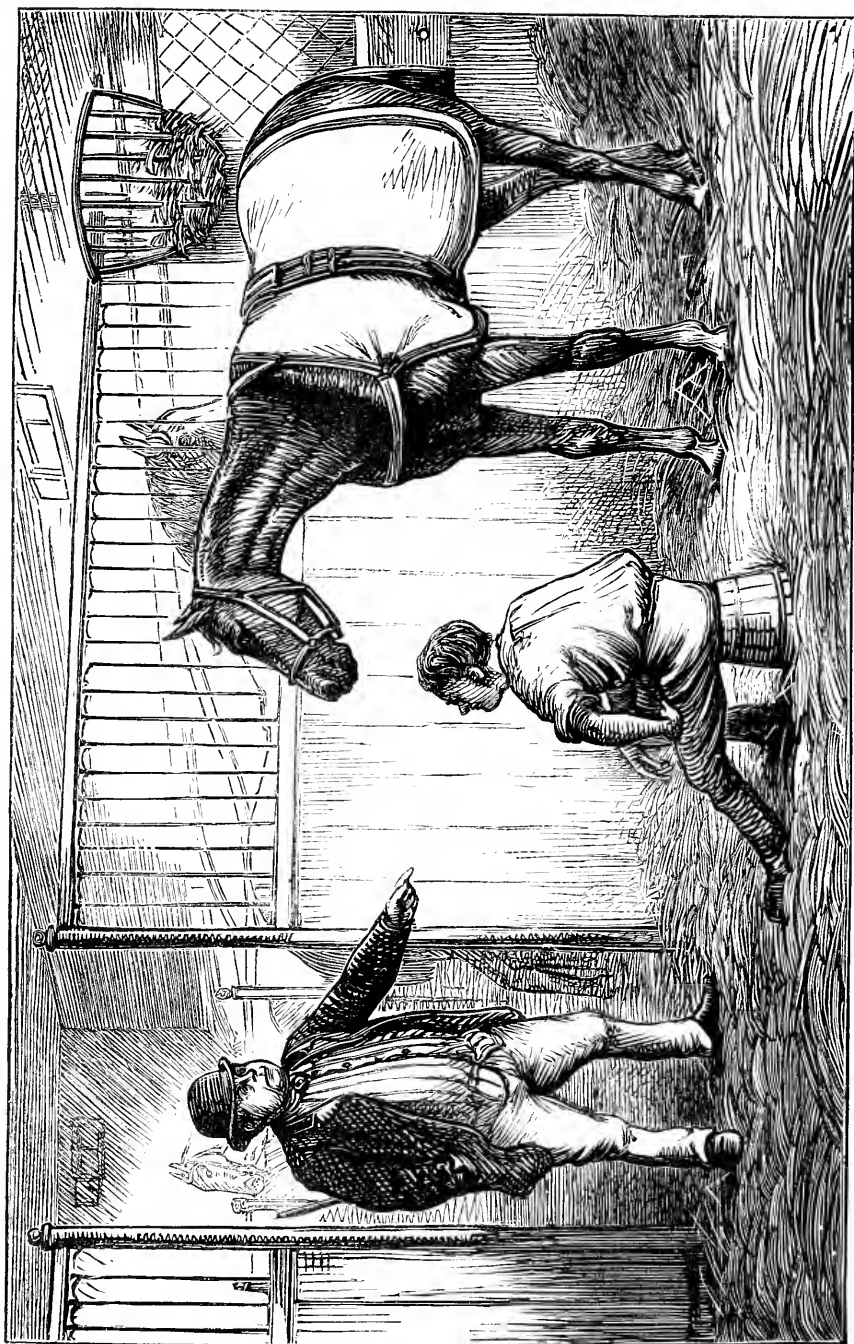


WELL KNOWN. DEALER (*running over the usual catalogue*). Quiet to ride, quiet to drive, quiet in double and single 'arness'; 'as been 'unted, and will carry a lady; well knowned for many years in this country! ARTFUL BUYER (*sotto voce*). Ha! many—*many* years, I should say!



• F.V.

NOT AT ALL FOGGY. TALL MAN (*to intruding Purseless*). That's a horse, now; if you like! Not a bit like him there, that horse isn't. Recollect old Jack Fisher? Awful fond of him he was. Never off his back. Got vicious one day all of a sudden, and kicked his brains out! SHORT MAN. While he was on his back? *[Tall man thinks it's hardly worth while talking to a fellow like that.]*



ONE FOR HIS NOB. OLD COACH. Now then, Sam, 'tain't to no good you a-hargyin' wi' me; I tells you that there's a big knee, and I says wherever there's a hinlargement there's allus a weakness, SAM (*becoming exasperated in defence of his favourite*). Werry well, then, what I says is as how you've gotten a desperate big 'ead, and that looks bad for you!

THE "FIND."



ROUGH ENGLISH.

COMMERCIAL PARTY (out for the day). *What do you mean about a bagman? I say, you know, I don't want any of your impudence, sir: do you understand me?*

THE OTHER JONES *CHEZ LUI.*



"Gee up !

IN the heydays of his youth—the "a-cart" and "Cury-Co" days, to which allusion has been already made—one of the Other Jones's favourite works of fiction was a wild and weird romance, in which the hero's sitting-room is described after a fashion which Ouida herself might have taken for a model.

"It was furnished," said the Other Jones's pet author, "with luxurious magnificence, but with careless absence of harmony and taste. Elizabethan furniture jostled with the gaudy decorations, the meretricious gilding and allegorical carvings, of the age of Louis Quinze. Vast mirrors gleamed upon the walls, extending from the rich cornices to the luxuriously soft carpet."

It will be observed that it was rather a large room.

"Cabinet paintings of great cost were interspersed with vulgar prints of favourite *dansesuses*, coloured portraits of fast-trotting mares as they appeared performing celebrated matches against time, and ugly representations of ugly bull-dogs, the property of various gentlemen known and esteemed in the most exclusive circles of 'the Fancy.'"

By the way, Ouida would not have talked liked this. She talks sound sense when she talks of dogs, and you would do well to read her pamphlet on the subject.

"Sofas, couches, *causesuses*, chairs of every dimension and every pattern were jumbled together without order or regularity. Costly ornaments, some of them recently broken, Sévres vases, and rich specimens of Bohemian coloured glass were strewn on marqueterie tables. Half a dozen time-pieces pointing to half a dozen hours stood about."

That last is a great line !

"Valuable classic books were jumbled on shelves with racing calendars, works on the noble art of self-defence, Little Warblers, French novels, and masses of the periodicals of the day. Everywhere there was the same chaos of things good and bad—things intellectual and trivial—things refined and vulgar. Vases of flowers were placed on open cigar-boxes."

I don't quite see how they were balanced, but I dare say it was all right.

"A hunting-whip was flung across a painter's easel ; an open portfolio of memoranda and sketches was soaked through by the contents of a spilt bottle of wine ; foils, pencils, musical instruments, single-sticks, lorgnettes, meerschams, unfinished sketches, watches, piles of caricatures, pencil-cases, snuff-boxes, cameos, spurs—all this conglomeration of objects of taste, sport, ingenuity, and triviality, lay scattered on tables, chairs, sofas, and the floor ; whilst in the centre of the apartment—this, part museum, part drawing-room, part study—on a magnificent couch, lined (*sic.*) with Utrecht velvet, was stretched supinely out at full length, a young man, the proprietor of the room !"

All this to me seems simply splendid !—and how many scores of middle-class young gentlemen must it not have caused to "fake up" a picturesque confusion at their little homes ! Was the Other Jones to blame if he set about arranging his litter with an eye to effect, and if even when years have rolled away he does so still ?

"A man must be something, or he is nothing," as the philosopher has remarked ; and the Other Jones took up the line of "Mysterious Unknown." For this reason his Christian name even was a matter of doubt. The initial was O., and as it was well known that he was not JUDY'S "Only," people hesitated for a while between "Orlando" and "Orestes," and then deciding that he was neither, called him the "Other" Jones ; whilst some went so far as to address letters to

him as "Other Jones, Esquire," for the purpose of bringing about an explanation—but in this they failed.

At SHIPRIGHT'S, where he daily had a shave, and talked loudly the while to the assistant, strangers would ask, when he was gone, whether he was this Jones or that, but had to content themselves at last by the information that he was the Other. Of a night at the "Duke's," people would eagerly question Mr. Price respecting him; and at Scott's his entry created a low murmur of curiosity. One day, in at the "Cheese," some one asked John Corlett if he were the Other Sloper—the General!

His rooms—they are in Gower Street—are a marvel of ingenious confusion. There is the photograph of the only actor he knows, to speak to, artfully placed by the side of half a dozen others he doesn't; whilst photographs of half a score of *opera bouffe* ladies lie scattered about with "With best love" written across the back of some of them in handwritings more or less feminine, but with a suspiciously strong family likeness to the Other Jones's own.

Here, too, are a yellow-covered volume or two of the liveliest French fiction, which the Other Jones himself has never read, some sixpenny "Society" journals a week or two old, a photo' of the Other Jones in hunting costume and spurs, with a background of formidable hedges and ditches, and another photo' of the same gentleman in yachting costume, with a background of foaming billows, wildly-tossed ships, and excited sea-gulls.

Here, too, also are the famous spurs, a single single-stick, and one boxing-glove. With this last, one day, a playful visitor to the Other Jones's rooms, having first called on the Other to hold up his fives, landed heavily on the Other's chest, and spread him out on the carpet. It was evident by what passed upon that occasion that the Other Jones was not much of a sparrer.

* * * * *

"What are the duties of a Special Sporting Commissioner?" asked the Other Jones, between the oysters.

"To make a sporting tour," replied the Editor: "to hunt, to shoot, to do all that can be done, and to send us some rattling good accounts of your adventures."

"Oh!" said the Other Jones, a shade as of thought passing over his features.

* * * * *





A SLIGHT MISS-UNDERSTANDING. FOOT PASSENGER. Beg pardon, I think you've dropped a shoe. YOUNG LADY. Thanks. Can't be mine, I always wear boots.

A PROMISING STATESMAN. RADICAL SQUIRE. Well, Giles, what do you say to Gladstone now? He's a man of his word, isn't he? Giles. Ah! that he be so, sur, sure enough. He said he'd put us farmers on our legs, and he's done so too. I mind the time I alays had a nag to ride on, and now—well, now—I have to foot it.

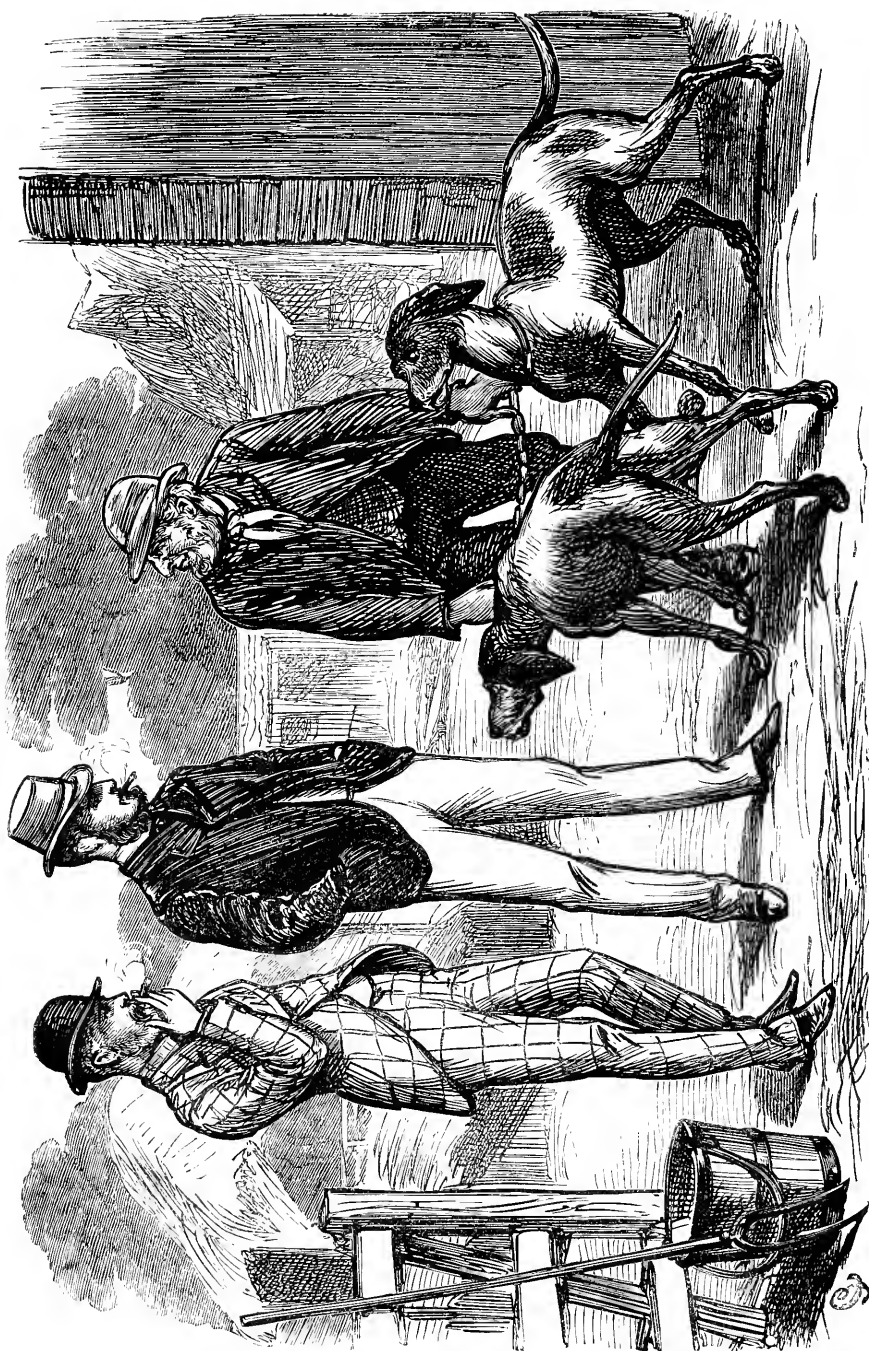




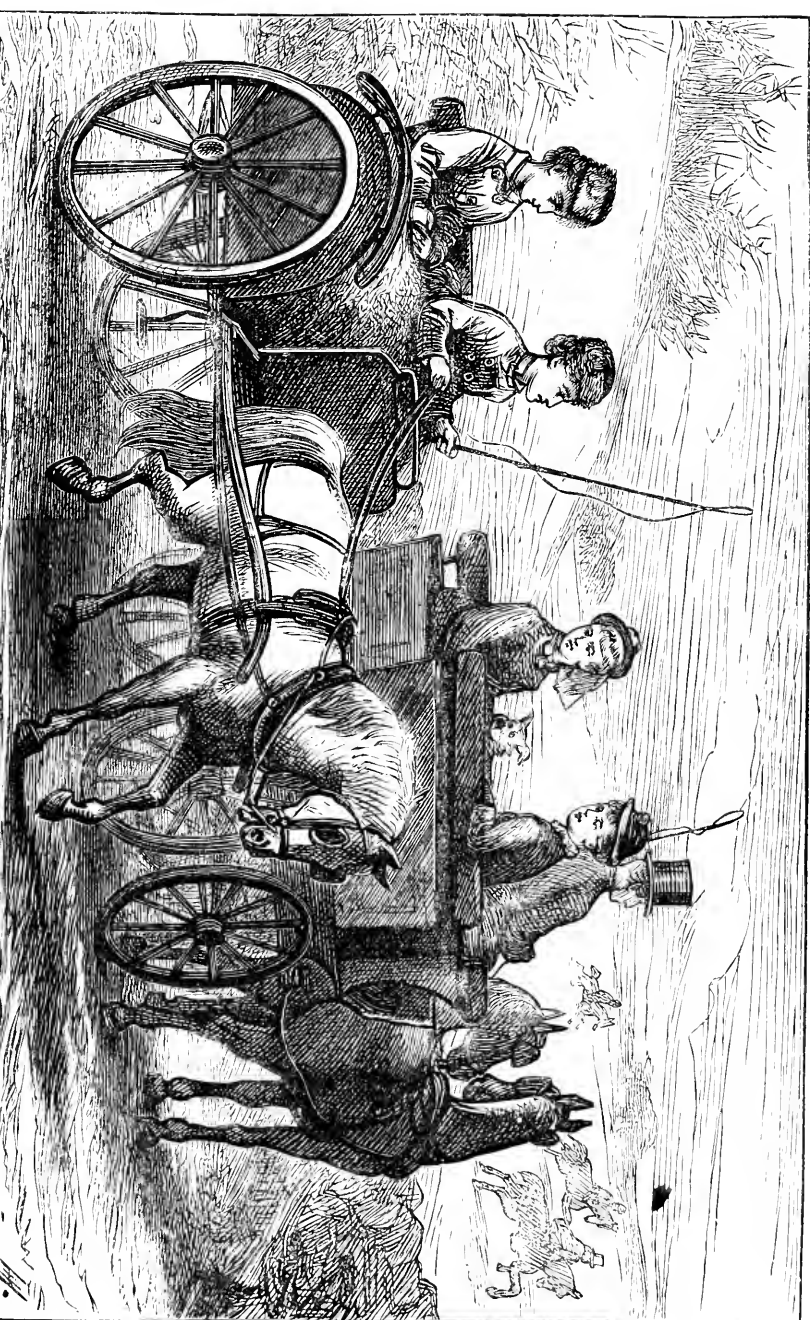
SARTOR RESARTUS. WITTY YOUNG LADY (*to Village Tailor*). Oh, Mr. So-and-So, I wanted to know if you could manage to make me a riding habit?
 So-AND-So. Lor' bless you, miss! why, I'd make you as nice a 'abit as Poole or any o' them London swells. Ah! and nicer, a good deal.
 WITTY YOUNG LADY. Yes, I dare say you could put the London tailors up to a 'winkle' or two.
 So-AND-So (*delighted*). Ah! I could do all that, miss.

PLEASANT FOR BROWN (*who cannot mount without the aid of a groon and a bucket*). Oh, Mr. Brown, I've dropped my whip!





TWIN-LIKE. JAWKINS (*who doesn't much care for a pack of people to come and give their opinions about what they don't understand*). Well, maybe they don't like being fastened together. You see, we don't ask 'em; but they're pretty much the same mind, as a rule. If this 'ere one lays hold of a stranger's leg, this one 'ere is bound to get hold of the other—leastways, if he's got two.



HUNTING ON WHEELS.—The Only Way Out OCCUPANT OF PONY CARRIAGE (*log*.) Now, Lady Woodbine, give us a lead over, and we'll come after you. HER LADYSHIP. No, no; light weights first—heavy to follow.



MAKING SURE OF A RUN. SCENE.—*The Road to the Meet, at the Seat of a Gentleman who is more noted for the preserving of pheasants than for.*
SNICKES (a retired Poacher, and great sporting authority). Mornin' Squire; nice mornin'; they'll run this mornin', Squire.
M.F.H. There's a fox for 'em this mornin'.
SNICKES. Ah! sich a beauty; took him on last night for 'em in a bag!
M.F.H. Glad o' that, Snickles; Glad o' that.

FULL CRY.

THE FIRST PILLAR-POST AT WUMPSY.

I.—STARTING FAIR.



A TOWN-BRED man, who has travelled but little in out-of-the-way parts of England, going nowadays for the first time to Wumpsy, would scarcely believe his eyes: it is so quaint and curious a place, and so far behind the times, yet it is barely fifty miles distant from Charing Cross.

But there is a probability that some of these fine days Wumpsy may lose all its old characteristics. Some new

people have come down within the last year or two, bringing new ways with them.

True, they still carry the post-bag in a cart seven miles across country. I myself rode in that same cart less than eighteen months ago, and the postman who picked me up on the high road and gave me a lift, asked me whether the Crimean War was still going on? I thought it a pity to disturb this Rip-Van-Winklean

THE FIRST PILLAR-POST AT WUMPSY.



What ho !

garden gates, to the astonishment of most people, particularly the postman, who accepted the innovation cautiously, offering no opinion.

At Bigglow Bottom, a little beyond Chuckstead, the farmers' hunt had been carried on for the last thirty or forty years with but small changes worth speaking of. There were not many hounds. No one had strictly speaking charge of the pack, which were unkennelled and kept here and there in ones and twos by their respective owners, the farmers, behind whom they came trotting and wagging their tails to the meet upon a hunting morning.

The meet would take place very early—as early as it was light, those living a distance oft rising by candlelight, so as to be in good time.

Old Farmer Jepson was most certain to be the first in the field, weighing close on fourteen stone and bestriding a sixteen-hands' rat-tailed white-stockinged horse with a Roman nose, and a white sheepish face. It had carried its owner for many years, and, as he said, knew either side of every fence they were likely to want to go over.

The doctor would most likely be the next. His was also a Roman-nosed animal, a cropped cob, well up to his work. Then came the brewer on his bay mare, with a tail down to her hocks. The overseer might be next, and the parish clerk, and now and again the parson on his dun pony.

As a rule, a good half-hour or three-quarters would elapse before any signs were seen of Puss; and Jowler, and Towler, Prince Regent, Merrythought, and Funnibone would in turn be urged to exert themselves to the utmost, and alternately praised and contemned as they threw their tongues and head in air and took the lead, only to return again ignominiously after a momentary triumph.

Presently the farrier, who has come across the stubble from his whitewashed cottage, would set to beating the turnips with a serious matter-o'-fact face :

"Hoop ! hoop ! there she goes !"

"Yo-hoicks !" cries somebody.

"Shut up ! will you ?" cries somebody else.

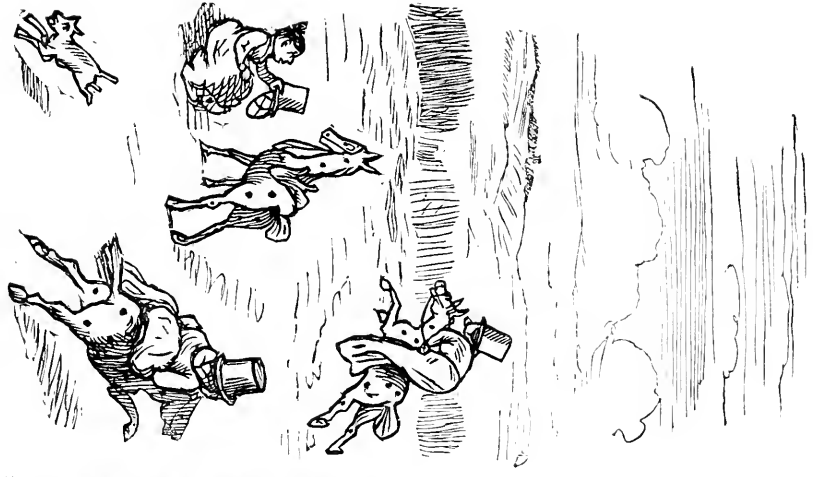
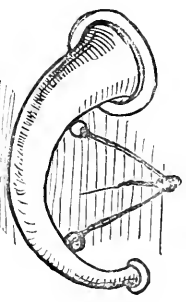
The field are very active now, all pricking up their ears, and Puss pricks hers up also.

dream, to which he must by this time have got accustomed, and I told him that it was ; but if Napoleon would only stand firm to his promises, we might take Sebastopol in a year or so longer, and then all would be well. He shook his head, and said, "Ah, 's been a longish bout, l in't it?"

But, as I said, a change will come, and perhaps sooner than any of us think for. It is quite three years ago that Scrubson, one of the new men, put up one of those new-fangled pillar- posts in front of his



"It's drier out here."



Some women look well on horseback:



This is rather a nice boy. He did see the hounds go by; he isn't quite sure which way they went, though. "How long ago? I've no time to waste." "Well, mister, aw don't knoa for sartin, but it were one day last week." "Oce-up!"



So do some men—when they keep their seats.



Chapelwhite's style is rather pleasing. His object in life is to get to the end of the journey before the dogs.



Do you know the French style? A three-cornered hat and a curly trumpet. Best to get one of Mr. Hengler's horses for this sort of thing, though.



MOST CONSIDERATE! *Jawkins (who always makes the best of a bad job).* Well, I'm in luck this time! My horse wouldn't come over, but here's another one ready waiting for me on the other side.

A DAY WITH DE HARE-DOG. HERR SVENSKAFT (by), Ach Himmel ! Var a difficult month's.





THE FIRST JUMP OF THE SEASON.

DONNA. If you'll go first —

DE BOOTS. Not for worlds!

[Both are still when they try it, but no matter.]

ANOTHER OF THEM. Here's Poddbody at full gallop, and very well he looks too—he has had himself painted in that attitud. Put you shall see him a minute or two later riding over the hounds, and being cursed by the huntman. Never mind, he only goes out once a year.



THE FIRST PILLAR-POST AT WUMPSY.

II.—PUSS.



"Where *are* you going?"

IT is the farrier who has started her, and she makes for the rise beyond the turnip-field, her ears lying straight upon her back.

At sight of her a great hubbub arises among the hounds, and they scramble through the hedge bordering the turnip-field, the sportsmen following as best they can through one or two gaps, which grow wider and wider as they make the passage, smashing the bushes on either side.

But the hounds are not very fleet of foot, and the hare has soon left them behind. Though lost to view, however, the dogs have still their noses to depend on, and follow in a straggling line, urged on by their masters, who by this time have all got through, down

to the farrier and Giles's boy—supposed, by Giles Senior, to be scaring birds from a meadow half a mile off.

And now, the brow of the hill reached, comes a sudden check. Jepson and the doctor have dismounted, and are pricking and lifting over difficult ground, to give Towler and Prince Regent a lead. Now they've got it! Prince Regent speaks to the scent—the rest follow, straining every nerve. The hunt is up again, and for the next half-mile the hills around re-echo the voices of men and hounds.

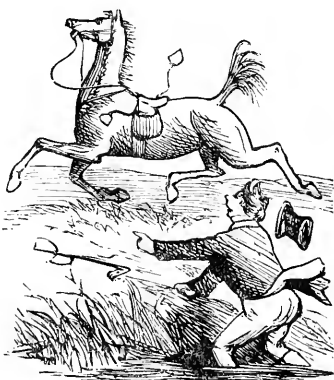
Another stoppage. She has got among the furze on the outskirts of Chuckstead Common. It is rough riding here: the ground is cut up on the right and left into dangerous pits and quarries. Often has a hunt come to an ignoble ending at this same place. Jepson is off his horse again. The indefatigable farrier, breathless and perspiring profusely, is hard at work pricking again, whilst the hounds are over and over the ground as busy as ants.

All of a sudden she springs up in the very midst of the pack, and for a moment seems to be between Prince Regent's open jaws. But she has escaped by a miracle, leaving a little fur upon his lips, and a second or two later she is out on the open, running for dear life.

Once more hounds and men are left behind. She makes one supreme effort, in which her heart is fit to burst, and reaches the high hedge that cuts off the Common from the Wumpsy road.

Poor Puss!

Her sleek fur is all dabbled with mud. Her eyes seem strained and bloodshot. It's a case with her!



"Woa, Emma!"

THE FIRST PILLAR-POST AT WUMPSY.

III.—LOST.

WHICH way has she gone now? Some of the huntsmen, looking at the hedge, which shows no signs of a weak place to creep through, hope she has turned and is stealing away up the dry ditch.

Prince Regent is of opinion that this is the case, and takes to it. So do Towler and Jowler, only they go in a different direction. The rest of the pack are again at a loss. Only Funnibone hits it off correctly, and he dashes through the hedge.

The sportsmen come up and give the hedge a closer inspection, and none of them much care for it; but the hounds have followed Funnibone, and there is tremendous excitement in the road beyond.

“Round by the gate!” shouts the farrier; but old Farmer Jepson has not patience.

“Dang it! I can but try,” he says; and he goes pounding through with the crackling noise of half a dozen bonfires.

The doctor follows, and the rest come blundering after, and all somehow or other reach the road.

But there are no signs of Puss! In front of them stands Scrubson’s new house, and in front of it Scrubson’s pillar-post; and it is difficult to say which of the two is the more unsightly. The latter is at present a dirty green, but it is soon to be a bright vermilion, it would seem, for on one side there is already a patch of that colour, about a foot long and half a foot wide, and close by stands the paint-pot, though the painter himself is not visible.

Puss is nowhere! Funnibone, with his forepaws on the pillar, is barking at it in an imbecile manner. The rest of the dogs are running up and down in a loose and careless kind of way. The whole pack seem to be thoroughly disorganized.

“Dang the head on ye!” vociferates old Jepson to the foolish Funnibone—“come off of that, ye raging maniac!”

Far away to the right and left stretches the white high road, bounded on the opposite side by the bran-new brick wall set up round his property by the new man Scrubson.

On the hedge side of the road from which they had come, there is no ditch, and but very little chance of a cover for the hunted hare. It is not likely she has run back through the hedge again to meet her pursuers half-way.

Funnibone has evidently made a fool of himself all along. Puss has never left the Common.

Indeed, how could she have left it? for if she has, what has become of her? Has the earth swallowed her up?

Whilst Jepson and the others, with a mighty clamour and a free use of forcible expletives, are getting the hounds back again as well as they could through the hedge, the painter comes out and watches them, as does also Scrubson—the latter with by no means a pleasant countenance.



Who breaks doesn't pay.

IV.—FOUND.



Not well through.

“CURSED tomfoolery!” he says, “knocking the place to bits! Lucky for them they didn’t damage the pillar, or I’d have had the law on them!”

The painter is not quite of the same way of thinking, although he ventures on no remark. If he had not had that confounded pillar to paint, he himself might have been out seeing the sport.

As it is, he waits until the voices of the huntsmen and hounds have clean died away before he returns to his work.

About an hour later the postman comes up.

“I say, mister!” the painter calls out to him, “have you got your key with you? Open us the door here, if you don’t mind.”

“Some one begun posting their letters in it already? Is there a letter inside?”

“Blessed if I know! It ain’t a dead ‘un if there is. Clap your ear agin’ this, will you?”

Then the postman stoops down and opens the door with considerable caution, the painter looking on from behind at a safe distance.

* * * * *

“I fortunately came up just at this moment,” says the Other Jones, who has kindly forwarded us this account by our special wire—(he says he thought Special Commissioners always used special wires; but we have told him that the penny post will be good enough in future)—“I fortunately came up just at this moment, or I should not have believed it!—Funnibone was right: it was the hare that had taken refuge there! and Funnibone following on her must have run at the pillar like a bull at a gate, and accidentally banged the door, which previously had been left standing open for the painter’s convenience.

“There has been a great row since about the ownership of the hare. As one of the hunt, though somewhat behind the rest (I started half an hour later), I naturally laid claim to the prize. But Scrubson also claimed it, and so did the painter. Meanwhile, the postman has taken charge of it, and refuses to give it up, alleging as a reason for his obstinacy that he is in communication with the Postmaster-General upon the subject

“I will wire directly anything new turns up.”

* * * * *



“Will you woa, or woan’t you?”

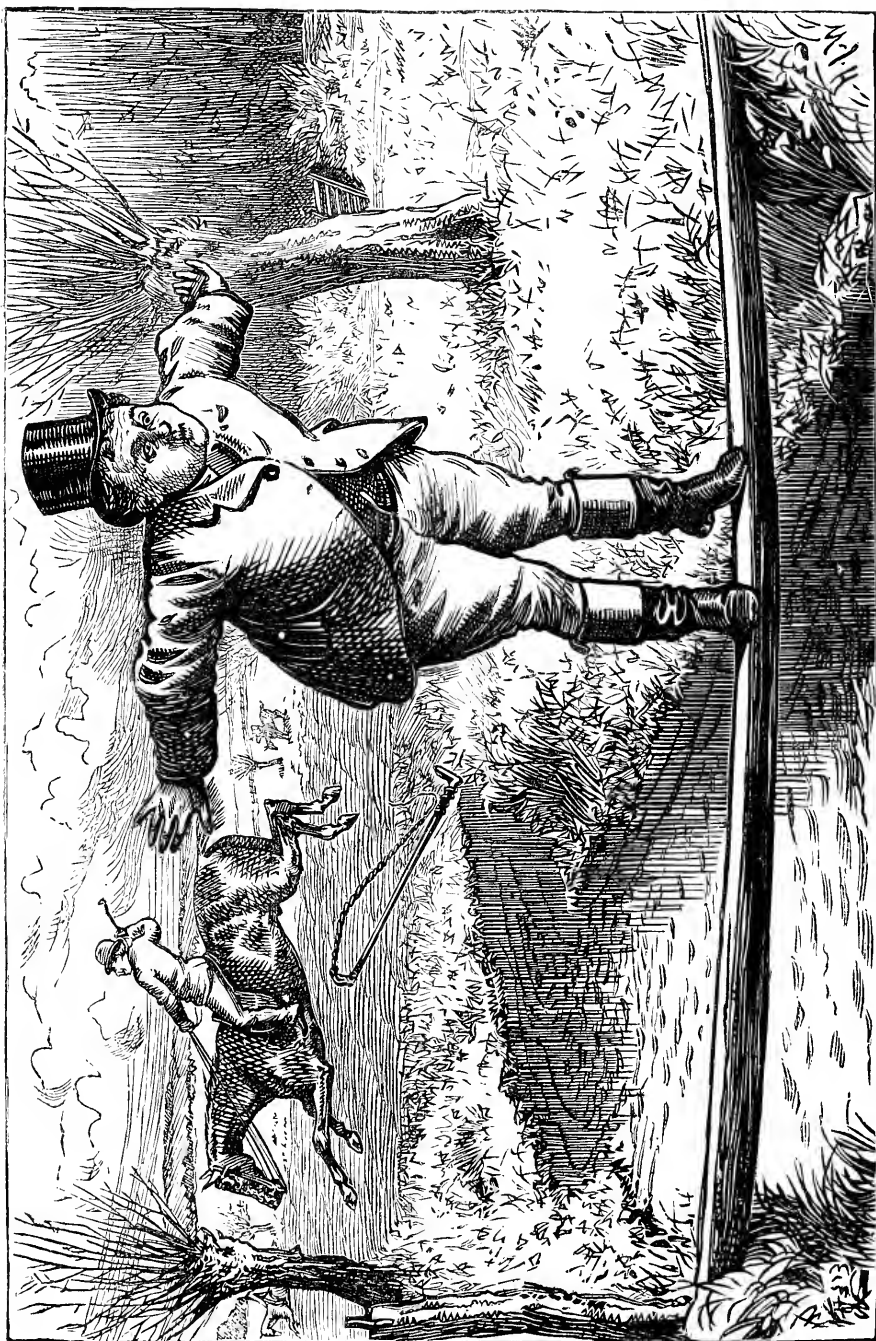
VERY INCONSIDERATE.

Mr. T runs to *aid Sportsman*, who has made a *flitting apology*, on *Assault*. Oh, don't mention it, sir! — (confront him if he had broke the two top hats off there might have been some chance for me.)



AND SHE OUGHT TO HAVE FELT VERY THANKFUL. Mr. Somerses (Graham) Mrs. S. has lately thrown herself away upon, now, my dear, never mind Captain Dasher; you keep close to me. I know every inch of the country, and there will be no need to have anything to do with the nasty hedges and ditches.





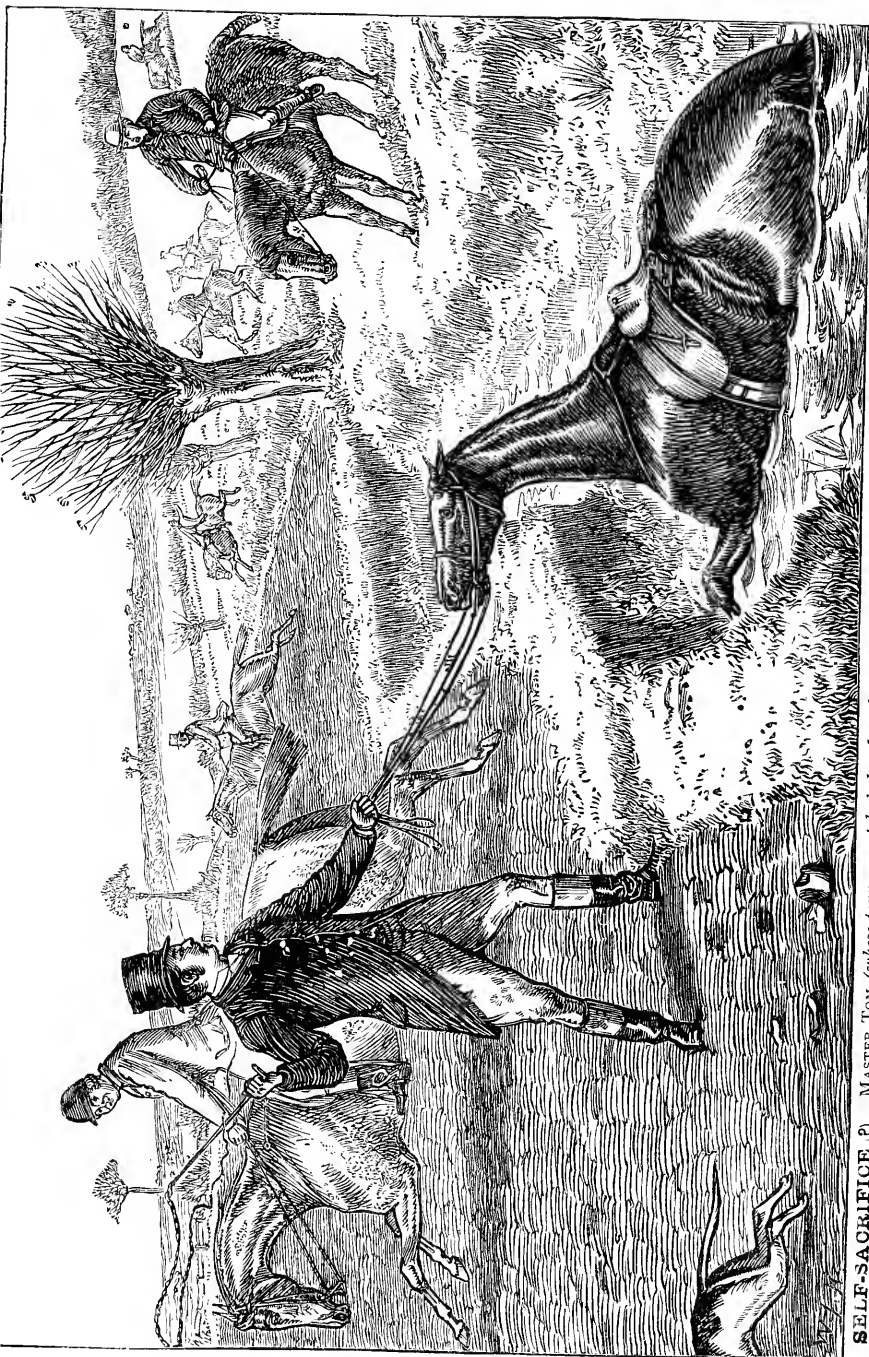
QUERY? Which is the safer method in a circumstance like the above?—Hounds have gone away from a cover the other side of this nasty deep drain, on the wrong side of which you (a nervous man) happen to be. Should you ride your horse at it yourself, or give a gloomy-looking fellow, who happens to be there on foot, half a crown to do it for you, whilst you cross by an old foot-bridge, which is a trifle springy, and has lost the handrail? Hanged if I know!

OPEN WEATHER IN A CLOSE COUNTRY.

SPORTSMAN (*thrusts out*). Can I get over here?

RUSTIC. Ees, mon; over yer head.





SELF-SACRIFICE (P) MASTER TOM (*whose pony cannot be induced to face a boggy drain, to Elder Brother, who has got into it*). I say, Charlie, do come and give us a shove behind, that's a good fellow, and then you can go on with my nag. I'll stop and get yours out!

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LE SPORT. DISCOMFITED FOREIGNER. *Voilà! Brigand!!* I am over-re! It is now for you!



OUT WITH THE HAGGLEFORD HOUNDS.

I.—FLIGHTY.

THE day before the Other Jones—specially commissioned and generously provided with letters of credit, and two noble quadrupeds, chestnut and bay, at twelve guineas each per month—had arranged to start upon his northern tour, young Tom Flighty dropped in at the JUDY Office, and in that impulsive way of his there is no gainsaying, cried, "Let him come and have a day with my uncle's hounds. I've been meaning to go and see the old boy any time the last ten years, and hang me if I don't do it to-morrow. Let Jones come too; or, stay!—I'll be off myself by the last down train to-night. There's nothing like striking while the iron is hot. Here's the address. Tell Jones to be sure to come. By the way, have you a telegram form about you?"

II.—AWKWARDNESS AT HAGGLEFORD.

"IS there a groom waiting here with my horses?" inquired a loud-toned little gentleman, of a moony porter on the platform of a dreary little railway station, one dismal wet evening in the latter part of October, just about dusk.

"Arn't seen no one, sir," replied the man.

"But, God bless me!" cried the loud-toned little gentleman, "this is surely Haggelford!"

"Middy 'Aggifur' this be. Loik 't wur Owd 'Aggifur' or Noo 'Aggifur' wur he wur to be."

"Well, I want one of the Haggelfords, anyhow!" cried the little gentleman, impatiently; "there's not the distance of the world between them all, I suppose?"

"Noa, sur," replied the porter, with a broad grin. "T' noo tarn be foive miles loik, an' t' owd tarn maybe foor."

"It's the New Haggelford, I suppose. There's a station there, I believe?"

"Ees, there be a joonction."

"That's good enough. I see I've made a mistake. Get me a fly, will you?"

"A floi?" repeated the porter, scratching his head and looking about him as though he thought he were expected to catch one buzzing.

"Yes, look sharp. Anything will do. I can't walk through this rain."

The porter scratched his head again, and passed his hand over his face and seemed to choke. The little gentleman, who, by-the-bye, wore very high heels, went stamping up the platform, swearing as they swore in Flanders.

"Confoundedly disgraceful, I call it, leaving the place in charge of such an imbecile. Where's the station-master, you sir? Do you hear me there? Where's the station-master?"



"What cheer?"

This to a youthful clerk at the pay place, and the youthful clerk having fetched out the person asked for, a mild middle-aged man, grey-headed, blue-eyed, and bald, assured him politely that there was no possible chance of getting any kind of trap anywhere nearer than the new town, and as there was nobody but the porter to see to the signals when the next luggage train, due in twenty-five minutes, passed through, there was nobody to send.

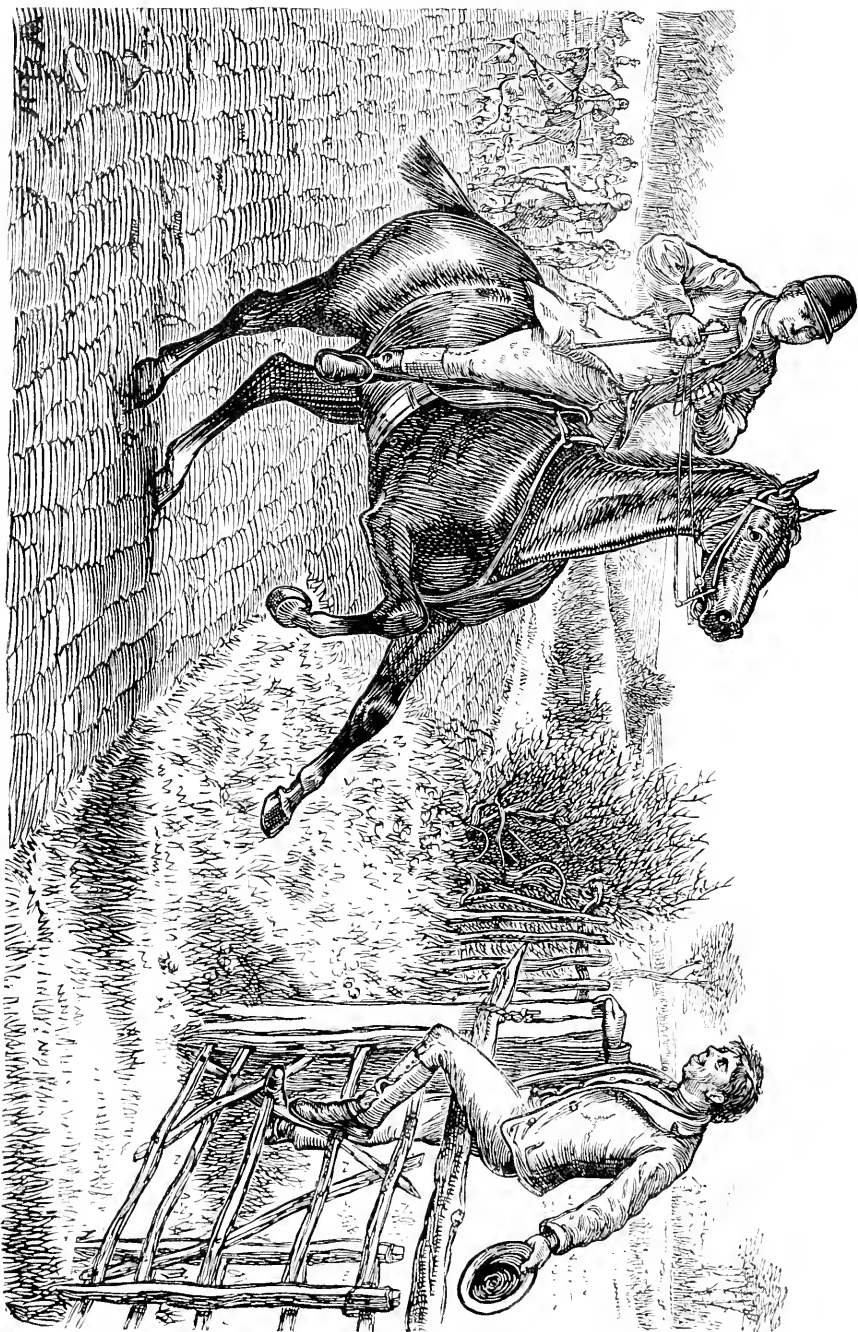
"Perhaps if you walked, sir, it would be best," the station-master added; and the loud-toned, high-heeled angry little man (the Other Jones

was the name they knew him by in certain circles) buttoned up his coat resolutely, and set forth across the Downs.

QUITE RIGHT, TOO!

Old Perring-fox likes to get some one else to go to front and clear the way for him, but as long as the way is cleared, he really does not care how it is done.





AN OPPORTUNITY LOST.

SCENE.—“*Going to a holloa.*” WHIP (*pulling up sharply*). NOW, then, have yer seen him—which way is he? KRISTIC (*robo has been almost hallooing his heart out*). Oi seed him, sory oi seed him; an if o’d nobbut hed a stick, oi could ha felled him like ough for ‘e, an then oi d maybe ha got a crown for t job.

III.—THE TERRORS OF NIGHT.



Where's he off to?

As the faint lights in the station behind him grew fainter and fainter, the rain began to fall faster and faster, and the wind began to blow like the very deuce.

On splashed the luckless Other through the mud and water, cursing the day he was weak enough to allow himself to be specially commissioned.

The rain by this time was pouring down in torrents. The umbrella he had with him was a fool of a thing, with, so to speak, no marrow in its bones. After a wild struggle or two with the brutal north-easter, he shut the umbrella up in despair, thrust it under his arm, and sought solace for his aching wrist in his coat-pocket. Then, with his coat-collar turned up

high round his ears, he splodgered and squelched on.

A steady downfall of rain is always an awful shut-up for a town-bred man. A sort of end of the world! He leaves town on a sunshiny day, and naturally expects that the sunshine will last for ever! If it doesn't, he's simply nowhere, unless he be back in town again.

Presently, however, after some twenty minutes' steady walking, he pulled up short. Not a light could he now see in any direction. "Good heavens!" he cried, "I must have missed the road! How big is this brute of a moor, or prairie, or desert, or whatever it may be? Miles and miles, perhaps; or, who knows? I may be wandering round and round in a circle like a mill horse! I shall die of cold and wet, or be worried by shepherds' dogs, or perhaps there are mad bulls—Good Lord! what's that?"

The sky was wellnigh of pitchy darkness;



"Why don't you follow?"

yet, right in front of him, a monstrous figure rose up black against the blankness behind it!

"It has got horns!" he gasped. "Ought I to run, or stand still and put up my umbrella?"

Then the unknown beast raised its voice, and ejaculated in strident tones—"Eyah! Eyah! Eyah!"

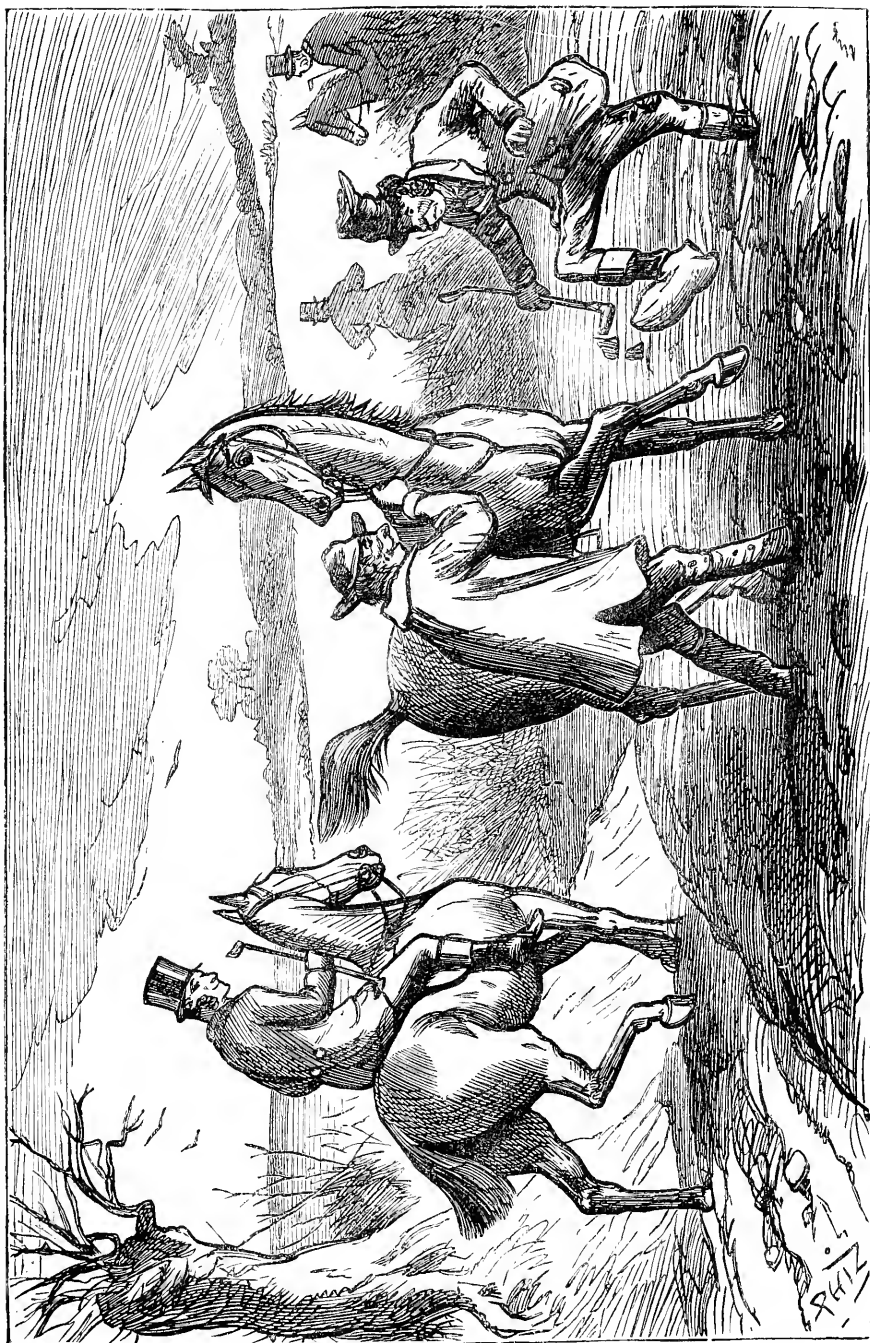
"It's only a donkey," said the Other Jones, after a pause, in which he had breathed again; "yet, who knows? it may be a wild donkey, and donkeys in a wild state may be vicious!"



What's he into?

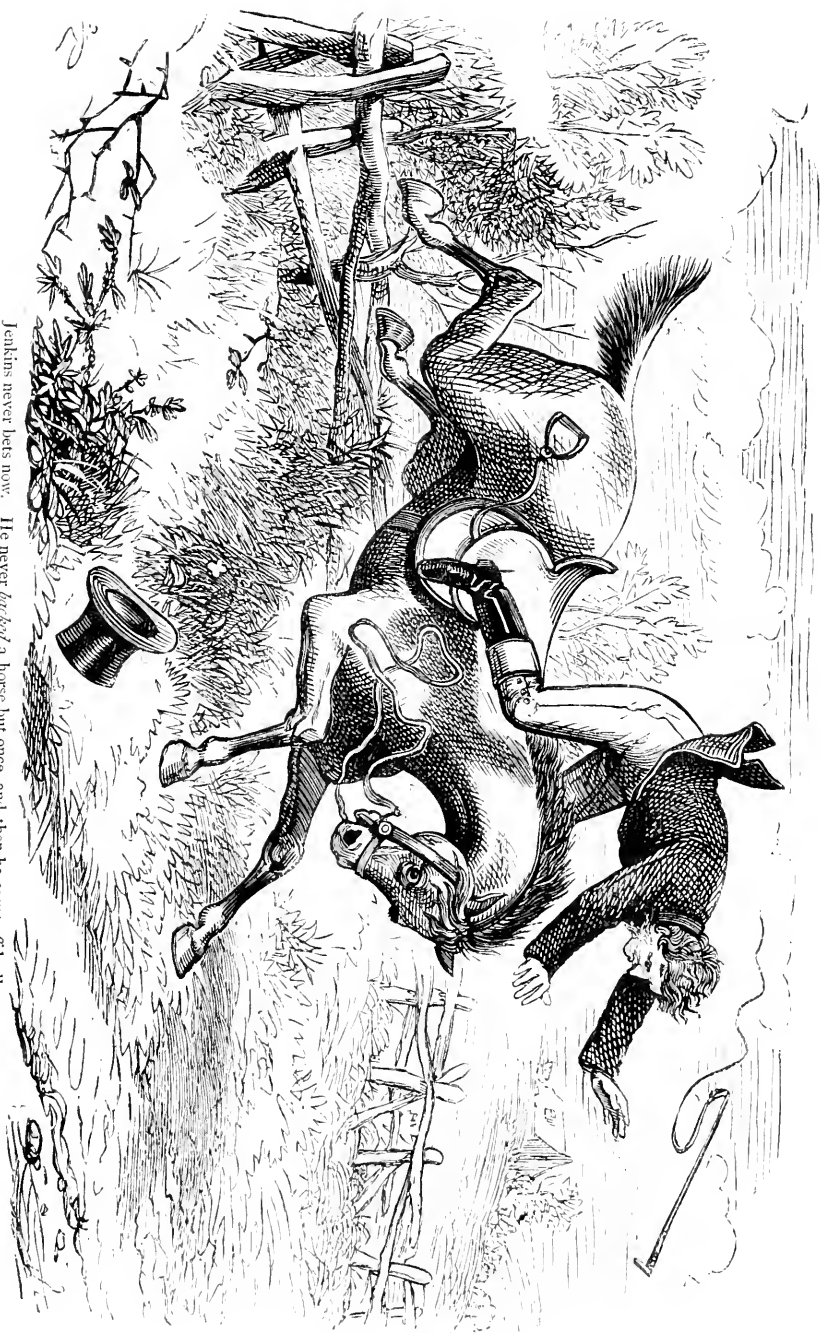
THE BOLD SPORTSMAN. Lively Novice to Friend who has given him a mount. I say, Tom, if the 'ounds will be coming back this way, I'd rather go round and meet them.





PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT. Mr. Clodpole having had a spill and a run after his horse over a ploughed field, finds a little difficulty in putting his foot into the stirrup, remounting.

Jenkins never bets now. He never backed a horse but once, and then he came off badly.



IV.—ALL AT HOME AT UNCLE FLIGHTY'S.



On the scent.

ON the same principle that the longest lane must have a turning, so there may be ups to the downest of downs. Swerving abruptly to the left, so as to give the donkey the go-by, our Other Jones ascended a gentle slope, and came to a long, low white house, closed in by high walls, but visible through an imposing iron gate by the dim light of a lantern swinging over the hall door.

The benighted traveller approached the gate, and with some little trouble managed to make out the words, "Flighty Towers" over the gate-posts.

"Well, I'm hanged!" said the Other Jones to himself, "if this isn't a stroke of luck. I'd rather have come on in proper style in the morning with my groom and horses, of course, but that can't be helped now. I'll explain." And he rang the bell.

There are some bells that go off at small provocation with alarming violence, and this particular bell made such a confounded noise directly it was touched, our Other Jones felt half inclined to run away when he had done it. However, seemingly the noise was not unnecessarily loud, for a good five minutes elapsed before the hall door was opened by a little old lady in a much-beribboned cap, who toddled out, carrying a key, with which she unlocked the gate.

"Is Mr. Flighty in?" asked our Other.

"You're right welcome, sir," said the little old lady. "Step in, I pray."

Very pleased to have the chance, our Other Jones did as he was bid, and the little old lady, having locked the gates, tripped nimbly before him, and led the way up a dark wainscotted hall hung round with solemn sawn-faced ancestors, into a dimly-lighted wainscotted parlour hung round with more ancestors, sallow of face and even yet more solemn.

"Why, bless us and save us!" cried the little old lady, "you're wet."

"I am, rather," responded the Other Jones; "and until I get my traps over from the station, perhaps Mr. Flighty wouldn't mind——"

"Come along, do!" cried the little old lady, catching up a candle and leading the way upstairs. "Here," she said, showing him into a room, the centre of which was occupied by a huge four-post bedstead with funereal hangings, "here is Uncle's wardrobe. Take all you like; and I will see your dinner served up."

"I hardly like to take the liberty——" said our Other; but she was gone before he could conclude; and so he opened the wardrobe door. "I've no notion who 'uncle' may be," he added to himself, as he opened it, and stood contemplating a bottle-green coat, with a high collar and brass buttons, and a pair of drab cloth smalls; "but his *ensemble* when he has 'em on must be impressive!"

The same might also have been said of our Other Jones when presently, after much bracing-up and buckling-in, he had managed to attire himself, and stood, candle in hand, on the top of the stairs, afraid to go down for fear he might meet with some of the ladies of the house.

But whilst he was hesitating, the little old lady popped suddenly out of a door close at hand, and bade him follow her to the dining-room.

"But is there any one there?" asked our Only, anxiously.

"You dine by yourself," said the little old lady.

"And Mr. Flighty?"

"You must make yourself comfortable."

With a well-spread table placed before a blazing fire, with a baked red mullet, a rump steak with fried potatoes, and a wild duck to follow, without mentioning a damson pie and thick cream, a bottle of old port, and a bottle of sound St. Julien, our Other really ought to have made himself pretty comfortable, all things considered—and so he did!

IT'S ALWAYS AS WELL TO KNOW. HENRIETTA. Now then, look here you good-for-nothings! What have you to do with it? "It's always as well to know."





HOW TO TREAT A REFUSER.

SCENE.—After a short frolic from Cover to Cover.

FRIEND (who has given Mossoo a mount). *Hello, old fellow, what in the world have you done with the mare?*

Mossoo (thinking he has done a clever thing). *Ah, ze brute! she had not ze courage to charge ze obstacles vis me, so I come on and leave her to find a way for herself.*

V.—A BYE-DAY.

“BLESS me!” said the Other Jones early next morning, as he very carefully opened one eye, and fixed it inquiringly upon the strange wall-paper, and then turned his head to look at the other side of the bed, “where the deuce and all am I, I wonder?”

Bright Chanticleer was proclaiming the dawn, spangles decked the thorn, the lowing herds were quitting the lawn, the lark was springing from the corn, and the little old lady was tapping at the bed-room door.

“Would you like the chill taken off your bath, sir? And do you prefer a cup of strong tea, or a lemon and soda?”

“Rum and milk,” said the Other Jones, opening the other eye; and he sat up with a thankful murmur that he wasn’t as bad as he expected. “It must,” said he, “have been confoundedly good stuff!”

An hour later our Other was making a tour of the stables, farmyard, etc.

“It’s most extraordinary,” said he to himself, “there don’t seem to be a living soul about!”

At that very moment, though, a door opened just in front of him, and a lanky



HOMeward BOUND.

(Muffins has had a day with the 'ounds on the old 'oss as runs the bread cart.)

KEEPER. *Good sport, guv'nor?*

MUFFINS. *Capital!*

KEEPER. *Killed?*

MUFFINS (thinking with pride of his own hairbreadth escapes). *No, by George! precious near, though.*

KEEPER (thinking of his pheasants). *Ah! bad job that; we's well-nigh overrun wi' sich varmin' hereabouts.*

[Muffins is perplexed.]

Scotchman made his appearance, and tugged at a carrotty forelock by way of salutation.

"Reet glad to mak your acquaintance," said the lanky one. "Maybe it's too airy for a dhrap whusky, but ye're reet welcome," and as he spoke he wiped the mouth of a black bottle, and offered it to our Special Commissioner.

The latter respectfully declined, and the lanky one was not offended, but, on the contrary, took a pull himself. Then he asked whether our Other would like to have the hounds out for a run.

Where was the meet? There was no meet! This was a bye-day, but the gov'nor was in town, and there could be no harm in it. On the contrary, the gov'nor had left word he was to do anything he liked.

"Flighty's a deuced good sort," our Other mentally observed, "and all I'm sorry for is that he isn't down here himself to join in."

The matutinal meal of ham and kidneys, muffins and marmalade, disposed of, our Other chose one of his two hunters, and seated himself satisfactorily in the saddle.

"The stirrups are rather high for you, sir, ain't they?" asked Dawkins the groom.

"Well—yes, perhaps," replied our Other, doubtfully, as though he were by no means too sure; and Dawkins rearranged the leathers.

"Now, are we ready to start?"

"Whar's Bill?" suddenly cried the lanky Scotchman. "We mustna gang wi'art Bill."

Bill, it would seem, was an indispensable adjunct to the chase; but, as he was not forthcoming, it was at length decided that they should make shift with the aid of Dawkins, and off they started; the lanky one, surrounded by the hounds, leading the way.

An ungenerous suspicion has been hinted at in some quarters that our Only was not sorry to go out for the *first time* (?) in such a quiet kind of way, and that he eagerly joined in the proposed run, which might in a way serve as a dress rehearsal to the future field days.

VI.—GONE TO GRASS.



The first to a certainty.

THEY were not long in reaching the cover-side, the time occupied in getting there not being so much spent upon the road as at the door of a roadside tavern, where the lanky huntsman partook of two stiff tumblers of hot whiskey at our Other's expense, who took a smaller one himself.

At last the lanky led the way through a gate from the high road into a grass field at the foot of a sloping hill, covered with brushwood, and surmounted by a clump of Scotch firs. The impatient pack rushed noisily in; but the Scotch huntsman, with "Have a care! have a care!" gradually quieted them down.

"What's this one doing?" asked our Other,

pointing to an old hound, who, apart from the rest, was feathering round the gorse among the underwood.

"Tally-ho!" roared the lanky one, in reply, and ramming his spurs into his horse, dashed past Dawkins like a shot, and twanging at his horn in a way that wellnigh deafened our Only, whose open ear caught one of its loudest blasts.

In another moment, then, the pack were laid on the scent, and raised their voices in one general burst of melody.

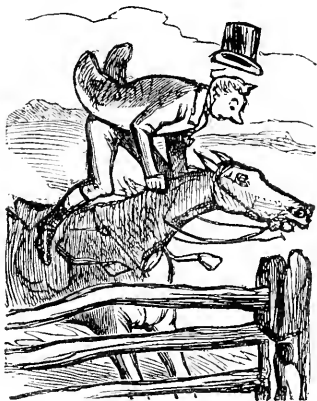
What would have been the precise course of conduct pursued by our Special Commissioner had he been left to himself at this critical juncture there is no saying. History is silent upon the point, and so is the Other Jones—very silent.

But the "twelve guinea per lunar" settled all difficulties by going off at a gallop in the direction the Scotchman had taken. For some time they pounded along side by side at a most exciting pace, either horse striving for the lead.

"Tally-ho! Yoicks! Hoic, holloa! hoic, holloa! hoic, holloa!" shouted the Other Jones, with his knees stuck close into his horse's sides, and clinging with one hand like grim Death to the pommel.

"Tak' it easy, mon, tak' it easy! dinna mak' that fou' din!" growled the

Scotchman. "War hoonds!" he roared, as the Other Jones's horse-hoofs floundered among the pack.



"One of us 'll do it."

And now they were fast approaching a stiff fence, with a strongly made-up gap; and the Other Jones began to tug with all his might at the bridle, anxious to know what was to be done under such circumstances. "Stand aside! I'll show ye!" cried the other, and took the fence flying. Then, turning in his saddle, he cried out to him to follow. But our Other Jones hesitated, and thought better of it. Meanwhile Dawkins, who had found a gap lower down, got through it, and called to his master to follow. Our Other Jones, however, thinking to still improve upon things, made for a gate a little farther off still.

Now, those who know how will tell you there is nothing more simple than to open a gate without dismounting, if the gate be only latched, and our Other Jones thought he could do it, and he did, too; but somehow, whilst straining at an acute angle, so as to prevent the gate swinging back, and cutting off one or two of his horse's hind-legs, he overbalanced himself and rolled upon the ground. Most likely the horse would have bolted, but he still kept a tight hold of the bridle, and having picked himself up and shaken himself to see whether any bones were broken, he set about getting into the saddle again.

VII.—MOUNTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

NOW, there are a lot of other people who will tell you that it is as easy as possible to mount your horse when no one is by to hold it for you; but our Other Jones did not find this to be the case.

To begin with, his horse would not allow our Other Jones to slip the bridle back over his head, and obstinately refused to bring his left side parallel with the gate on which his late rider had perched himself, and he turned a deaf ear to all attempts at conciliation.

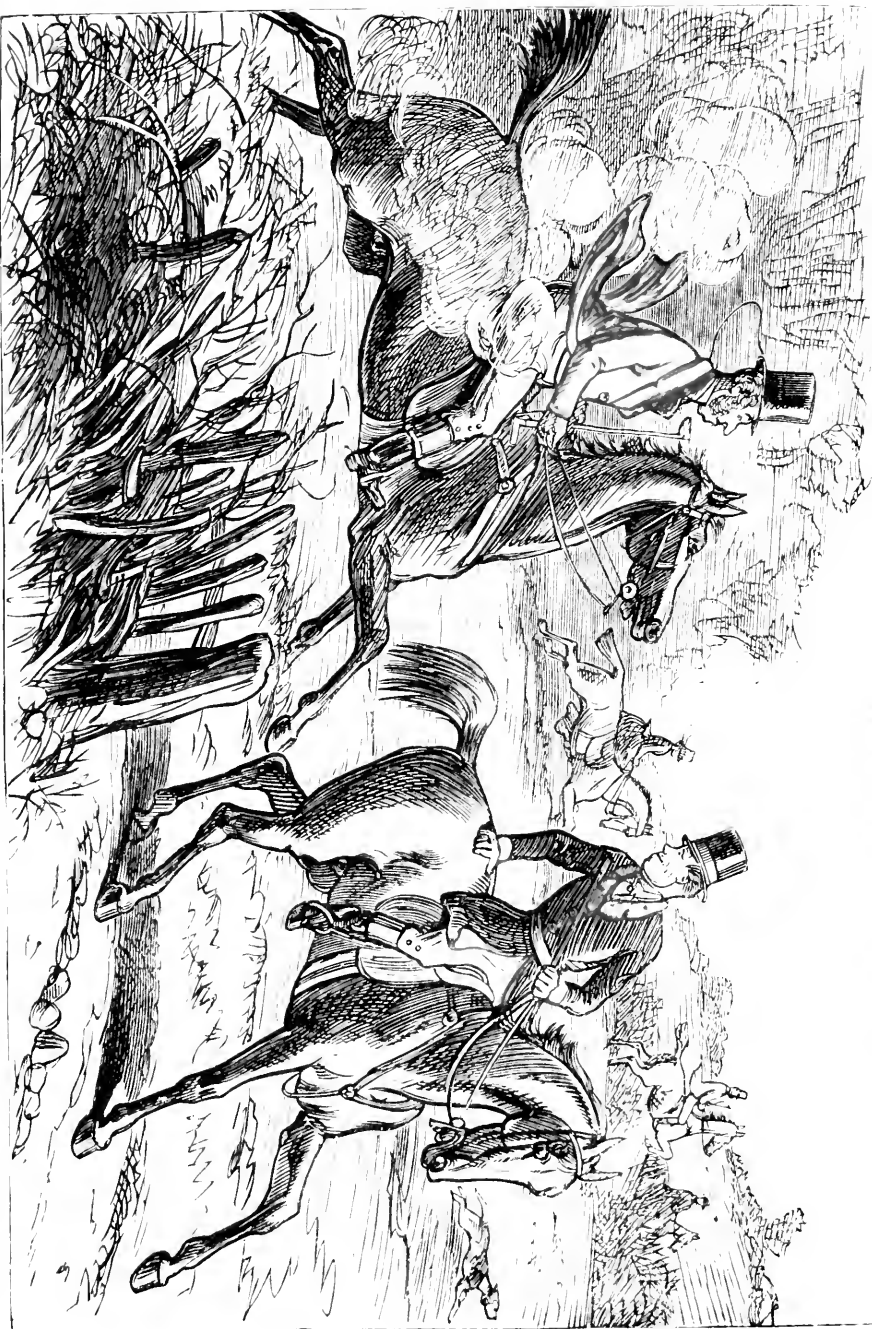
At length, in desperation, our Only Jones jumped down again, and grasping the pommel, after dancing about for two or three minutes with one foot in a stirrup, managed to fling himself into the saddle, and away went the horse, with the bridle dangling wildly, and our Special Commissioner fishing with one leg for the other stirrup, and hanging on meanwhile by the horse's mane!

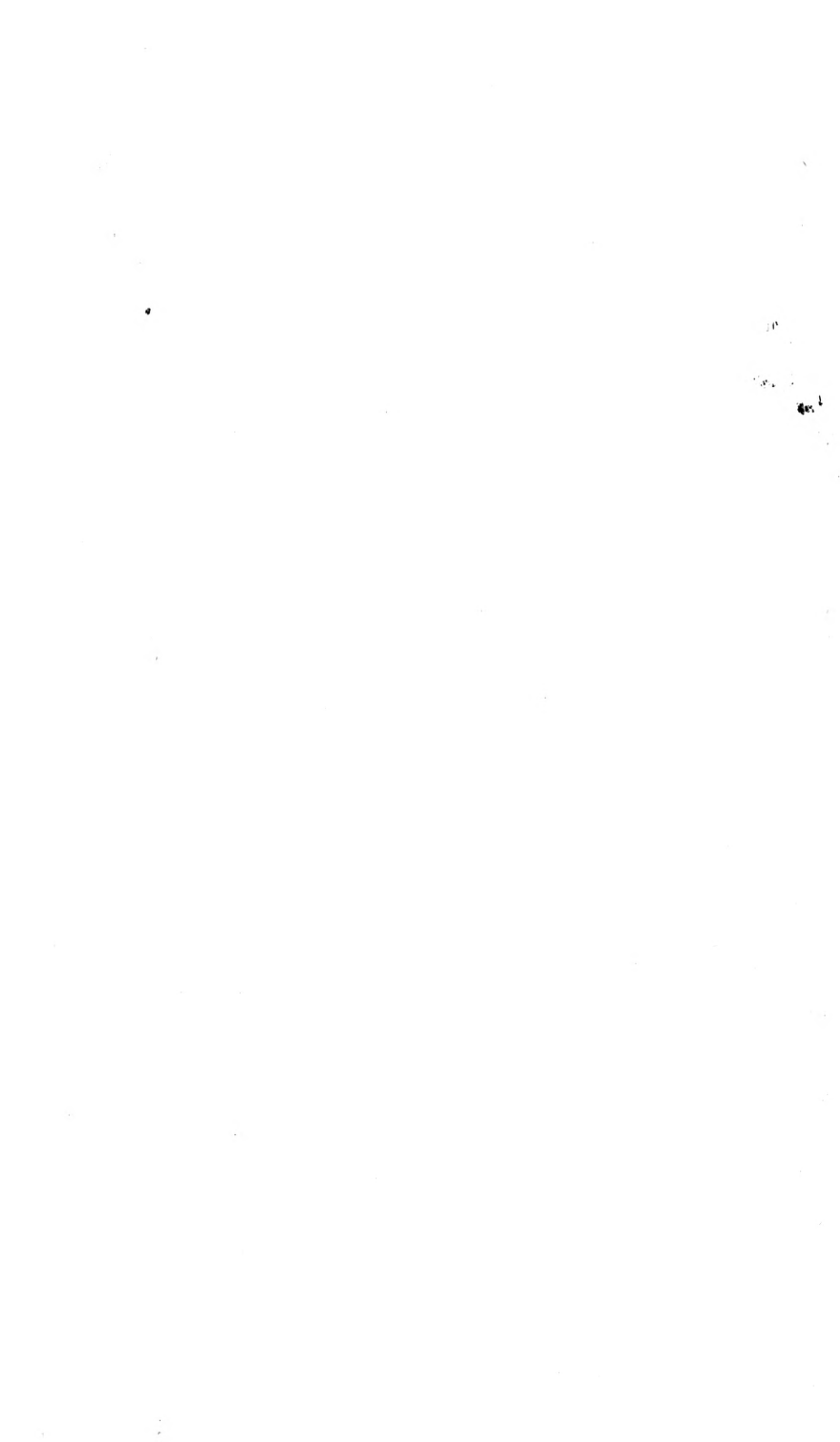
"How I kept my seat, goodness only knows!" he said, when afterwards relating his adventures: "it was more than a miracle!"



Safest where he is, and means to stay there.

"THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IT: THE EATING." Mr. SATURSON tries the new Breaches Paste, advertised of unequalled whiteness, but finds it, to say the least—dusky.







VIII.—THE LAST MAN OUT.



An ultimatum.

ON, on they went! our Only contriving at last to get hold of the bridle; and now they were tearing for dear life across country. It is true that our Only had got the bridle, but his horse had got the bit, and was holding it between his clenched teeth as firm as a rock. It was all very well for Jones to pull and drag: he had got to deal with a leathern-mouthed one who was proof against his puny efforts.

Right in front of him was a devil of a hedge, a break-neck-looking affair, with—as well as Jones could make out—a nasty ditch on the other side. He made a frantic effort to turn his horse's head, but it was no use. On went the brute, right through the briars and brambles. Jones shut his eyes and said all the prayers he could remember, thinking himself bound by first-class, special express, to another and a better world. High into the air went horse and

man, and down they came again—in safety.

“Whoa hoy!” cried a voice in the rear; and our Only, looking back, espied two thin legs waving above the edge of the ditch. “For-rard! for-rard!” yelled the Scotchman; “dinna bide for me.” Our Other Jones couldn’t.

On they galloped for full another mile, and then our Jones began to wonder what the deuce had come to the hounds. A thick fog was stealing over the country, and he could not see the length of a field before him.

Presently he came across a riderless horse limping along. It was his other “twelve-guinea lunar” dead lame; and the one he was on, being by this time tired of his gallop, allowed him to stop and get it by the bridle.

“I’m the last man left, it seems,” said the Other Jones to himself. “I suppose I ought to look after the Flighty hounds, and so I would if I could see. Curse this fog! it’s getting thicker every moment.”

IX.—IN AT THE FINISH.

FOR the next hour and a half the Other Jones rode on, and continued his search, but all in vain! Both fox and hounds had vanished as completely as though the earth had swallowed them up.

Struggling at last over the wilderness of fields in which he had lost himself, the Other Jones pulled up at a little roadside tavern, and inquired how far he was from the spot whence he started. “A matter o’ eighteen mile!” said the innkeeper.

“And how far to the nearest railway station?” “A matter of six mile!”

Our Special had a hunk of bread and cheese and a pint of ale, and rode on.

About an hour later he reached the railway. The station-master he had been told about and a couple of men were talking together.

“Beg pardon, sir,” said one; “maybe you were out to-day with Mr. Flighty of Haggleford’s hounds. D’y’e know what’s come to ’em all? Did they kill, do you know? and was there a London gent with you?”

“I know nothing of them,” replied the Other Jones; “I left early.”

“There were some swell-mobsmen chap—if the tale’s true as I got it—come down and made hisself mighty free up at old Flighty’s place; and old Flighty being away from home, and them expecting the nephew, who was a stranger like, the housekeeper took the London chap for him, and gave him the best there was in the house; and old Sandy, the huntsman, running his head against the same stone wall, let him take the hounds out, and blame me! if he hasn’t bolted with the whole pack, and the huntsman’s horse, too! But they’ve set the hue and cry after him, and he’ll not get far off, I guess.”

This was the telegram we got that night: “Pray send some one down immediately. They say I’ve stolen a pack of hounds. They have searched me, and haven’t found them; but they have locked me up.”

THE HAPPY THOUGHT.

"There are some stiffish bits about here," said Mr. Mangles, the local surgeon.

"It were a pity to have them if we could not have them removed."



THE UNHAPPY SEQUEL.

"Halloa!" cried Jack, "it's poor old Mangles; and, by Jove! he's got his tools."

"Dropping head, broken back, and all that sort of thing."





MOST O-FENCE-IVE. SECOND WHIR (*in a hurry to get on*). Now then, guv nor, 'ave you taken a lease o' that gap?

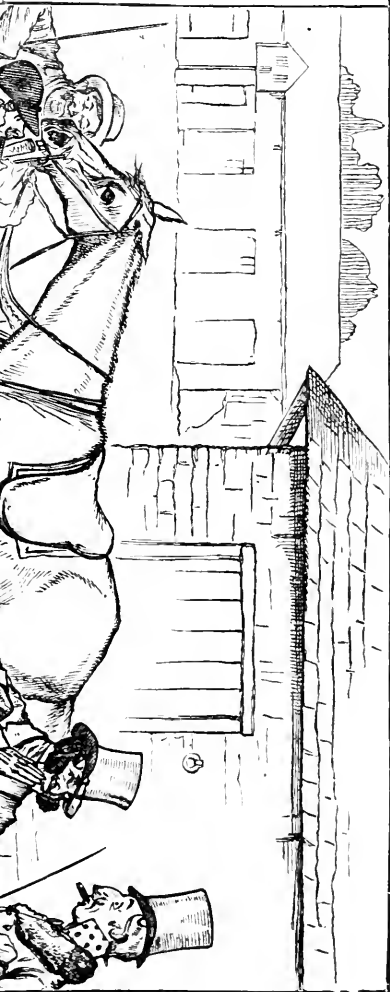
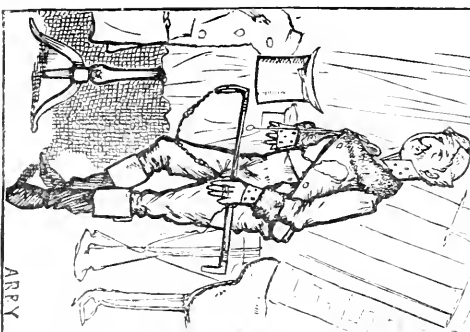
N.B.—FOR NEXT SEASON. Just at present, it does not matter, but old Peverley has made his mind up that he and the other subscribers to the — Hunt will make their Member get those fellows down at Westminster to pass a short Act compelling farmers to leave all their gates unlocked when the hounds are out.





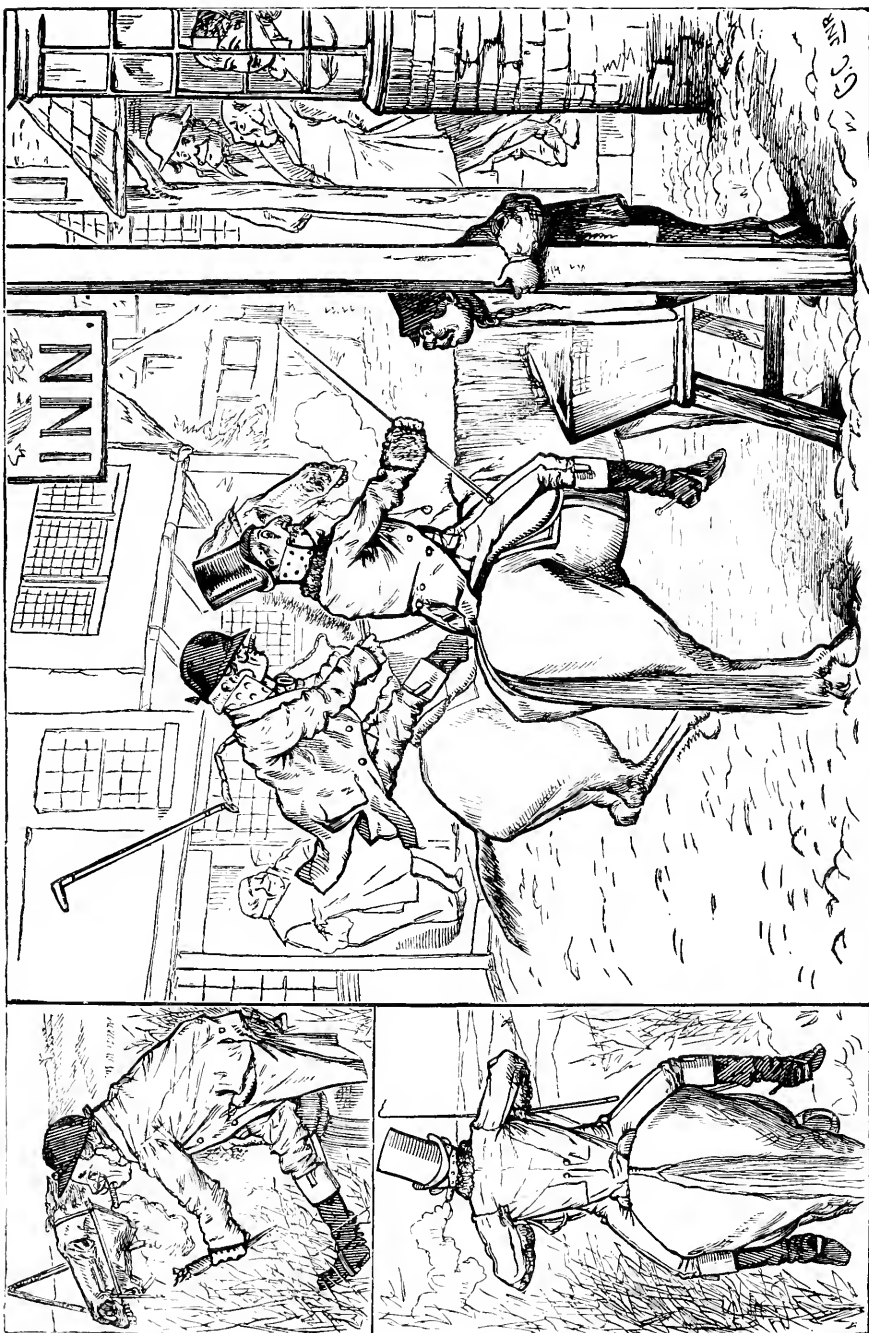
FULL STOP. MR. COLIGHTLY *(who is no great jumper at any time).* By George, we're pounded!



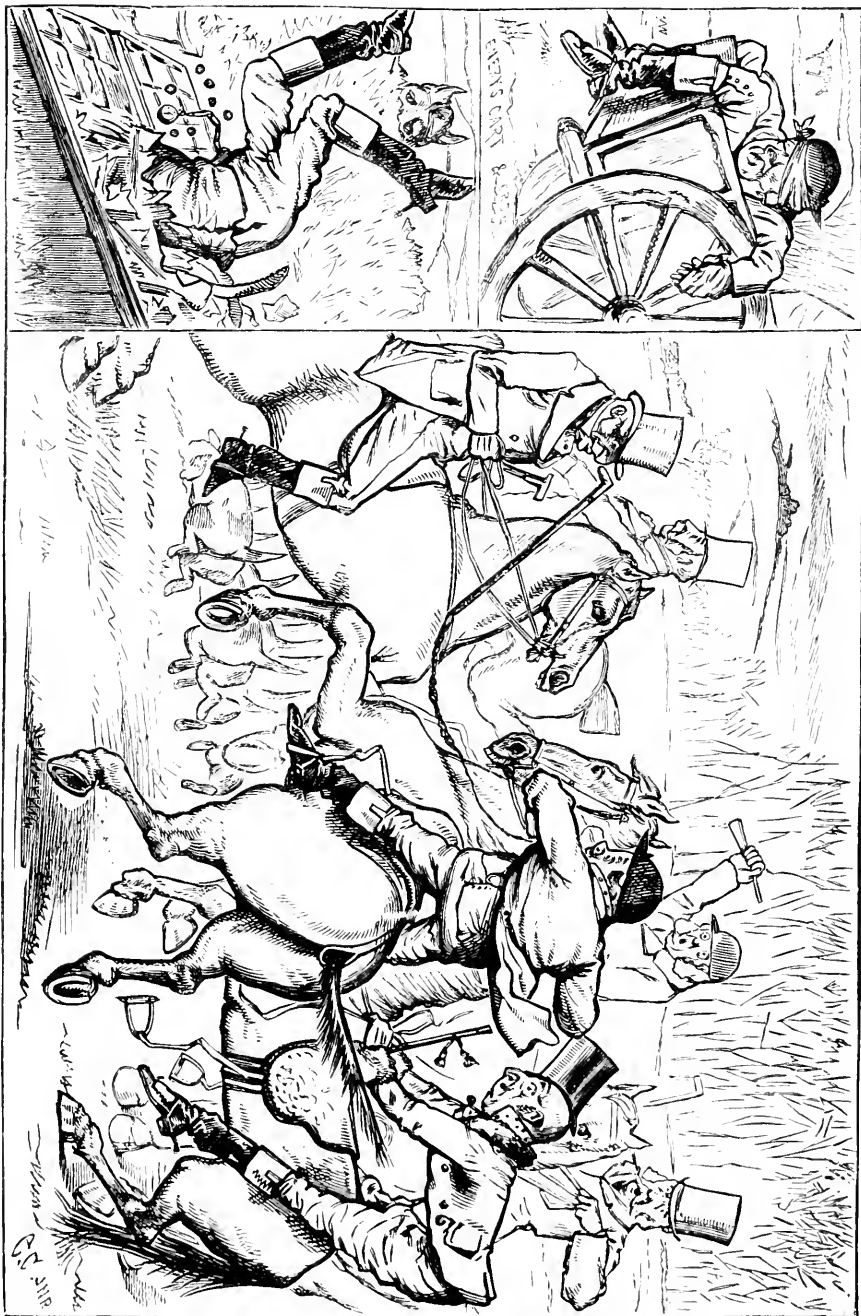


THE OTHER JONES AND THE OTHER JONES'S FRIEND ROTHERVILLE LAY IN THE NECESSARY STOCK OF QUADRUPLES. REG'LAR GATE-OPENERS.

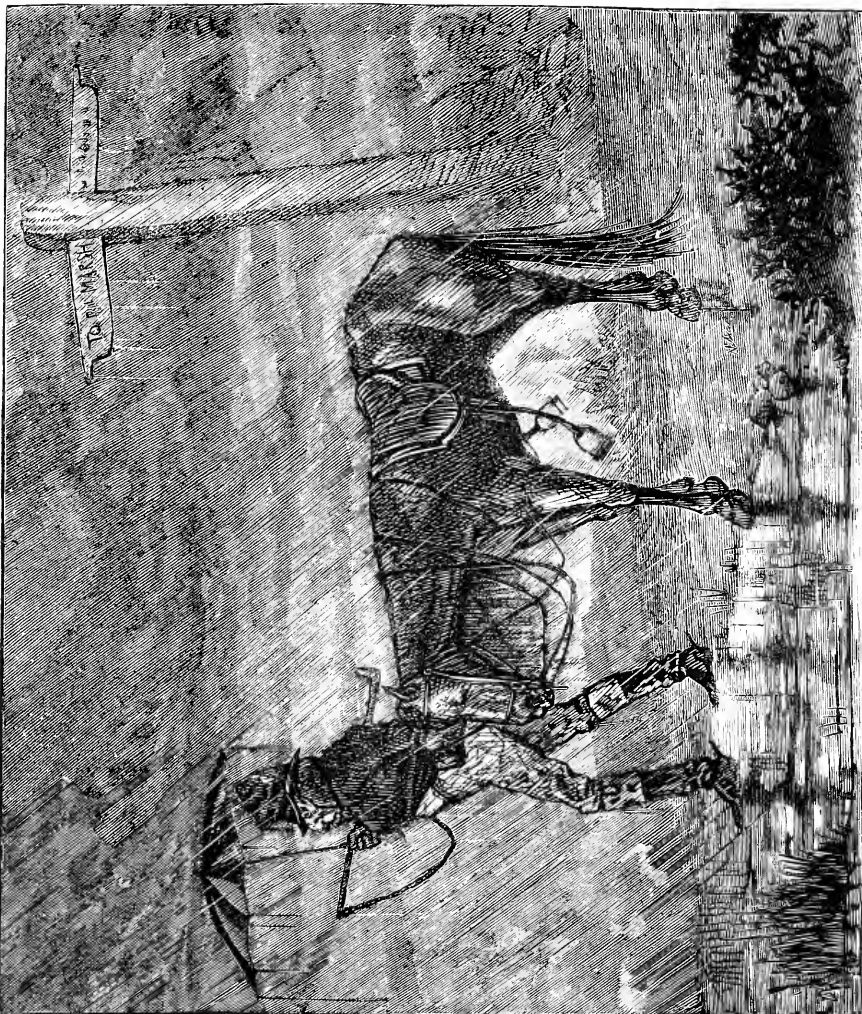
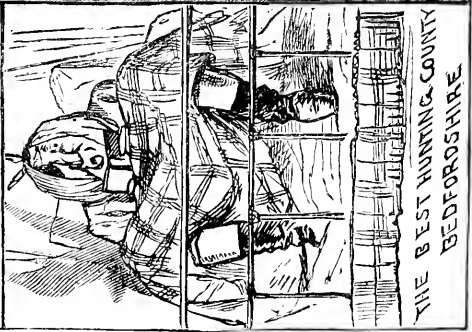
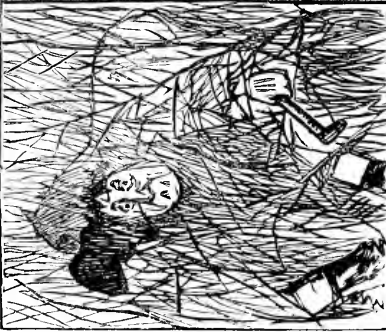
ARMY



EPPING 'UNT. No. 2. The starting-forth of the Other Jones and the Other Jones's Friend Rosherville. The bait by the way. The gentle smile among the lookers-on.



PEPPING 'UNT. No. 3. The Other Jones and the Other Jones's Friend are not on speaking terms with the field, but they are very soon up everybody's back when they get down there.



EPPING 'UNT. No. 4. Rather ignominious return of the Other Jones and the Other Jones's Friend later on in the day. Other Jones said later on still. "Only give him the chance, and you would soon see."

"Regular foolery, that Epping!" the [Other Jones] *have since been visiting.*



Of course, being game, you will find them very plucky and playful.
Always encourage them.



Always lay in a good stock of ammunition, as some birds take a good deal of killing.



If there are two or more, always all fire at once, as the bird may get confused, and you then stand a better chance (N.B.—Mix a little salt with your powder if you aim at the tail of the bird.)



When you discover your bird, approach him gently on tip-toe, looking as pleasant as possible, and you will find the bird become most friendly, for then the poor thing knows very well you wouldn't hurt it.

“POTTING” AS A HIGH ART.

“THERE ’LL be deadly murder afore the day ’s out, mark my words,” said the cadaverous gamekeeper with the fur cap.

How murder could be anything else except deadly was a question nobody went into. Some shook their heads and shuddered, but no remark was made.

* * * * *

The following is an extract from a letter addressed to the Editor of JUDY by Jeremiah Hawthorne, Esqre., of Hawthorne Hall, Somersetshire, a descendant of the famous friend of the still more famous Corinthian Tom.

“ . . . I trust if your friend thinks of going out again, he will insure in the Accidental, or perhaps it would be better if those forming the rest of the party were to do something of the kind, for I am inclined to think O. Jones has a charmed life. There are such people, I believe, and O. Jones is one of them.

“ It must be allowed that birds are comparatively safe when he is about. I would back him, though, against any cockney shot that ever came down to these

SPORT; OR THE GLORIES OF SEPTEMBER.



Should you both happen to hit a bird (of course you would not, because it's very cowardly to hit anything that isn't your own size), and any dispute arises, always tear the bird in halves, which is by far the fairest way.



You will find the clay soil so invigorating! By the way, always get a good thick coating on your boots; it looks business-like.



Above all, never return empty-handed.

parts to fill a bag with setters, pointers, and markers; and it's all a chance how it falls out with anything human within eighty yards of his breechloader.

"I took the liberty to point out to him that the contents of a gun might possibly be too much for a human at short range, and that even when one is a long way off, and gets the shots more scattered, it is anything but a pleasant occupation fishing them out with the prong of a luncheon fork.

"We started early in the morning of the First, and before we had got half across the four acres beyond the orchard, he had rattled off briskly at Giles's



SOMETHING IN THAT.

INDIGNANT SPORTSMAN. *So that's the way your confounded dog fetches the game, is it—the dog you said could do everything but speak?*

GAMEKEEPER. *Well, this is what it is, sir. If he could speak, he'd tell you to go and fetch it yourself. How the deuce can he fetch it when you never bring nothink down?*

gaiters, taking 'em probably for ground game. Luckily only one shot went through, but that got well into the calf, and Giles said a deal about it.

"Nobody could exactly say how this accident had taken place; but when, as we were talking it over, somebody happened to observe the way your Jones was handling his gun, so that it was at all times in a position that enabled those around, if they thought fit to do so, to look down the barrel, we cleared a space round him and asked him to do otherwise. It was a trying time, too, to get over a hedge with the knowledge that he was following close behind you on full-cock towards the back buttons of your shooting-jacket. When we got with the birds and the time for the bird shooting had begun, I hinted as politely as I could that he ought to aim as high as possible. We didn't so much mind his blowing the brains out of a mangold-wurtzel, but he had a setter with his second shot, and then a white hat on a line of fire with the covey—belonging to a married man, too, with a large family—came in the way and got pepper.

But the hottest job of all the lot was that of Badger, that long white-faced



THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

REMORSELESS YOUNG VILLAIN. *No sport! Well, look here: our schoolmaster's just coming down the lane. Fire low, and you'll bag as fine a brace of calves as you ever saw.*

keeper you remember, perhaps. He had a fur cap on at the time, and was on ahead some distance. Your O. Jones, if you please, got away from the rest of the party, and sighted Badger's fur through a gap in a hedge. Bang at it he goes, and Badger bobs.

Jones, elated with his success (he said afterwards he took it for a hare), loads again, and advances. Badger, lying on his face in the dry ditch, roars out for him to leave off, but the wind is blowing towards Badger, and Jones can't hear.

Presently the fur cap bobs up again, and bang! goes Jones again.

Then, somebody happily sees what is going on, and rushing to the spot, seizes Jones, and wrests the murderous weapon from his grasp, and Badger, after considerable persuasion, comes to the surface.

"Take that ragin' maniac home and put him to bed," cries Badger. "Gun or no gun, he's dangerous. A blank cartridge is sudden death without firing if he lays hold of it."

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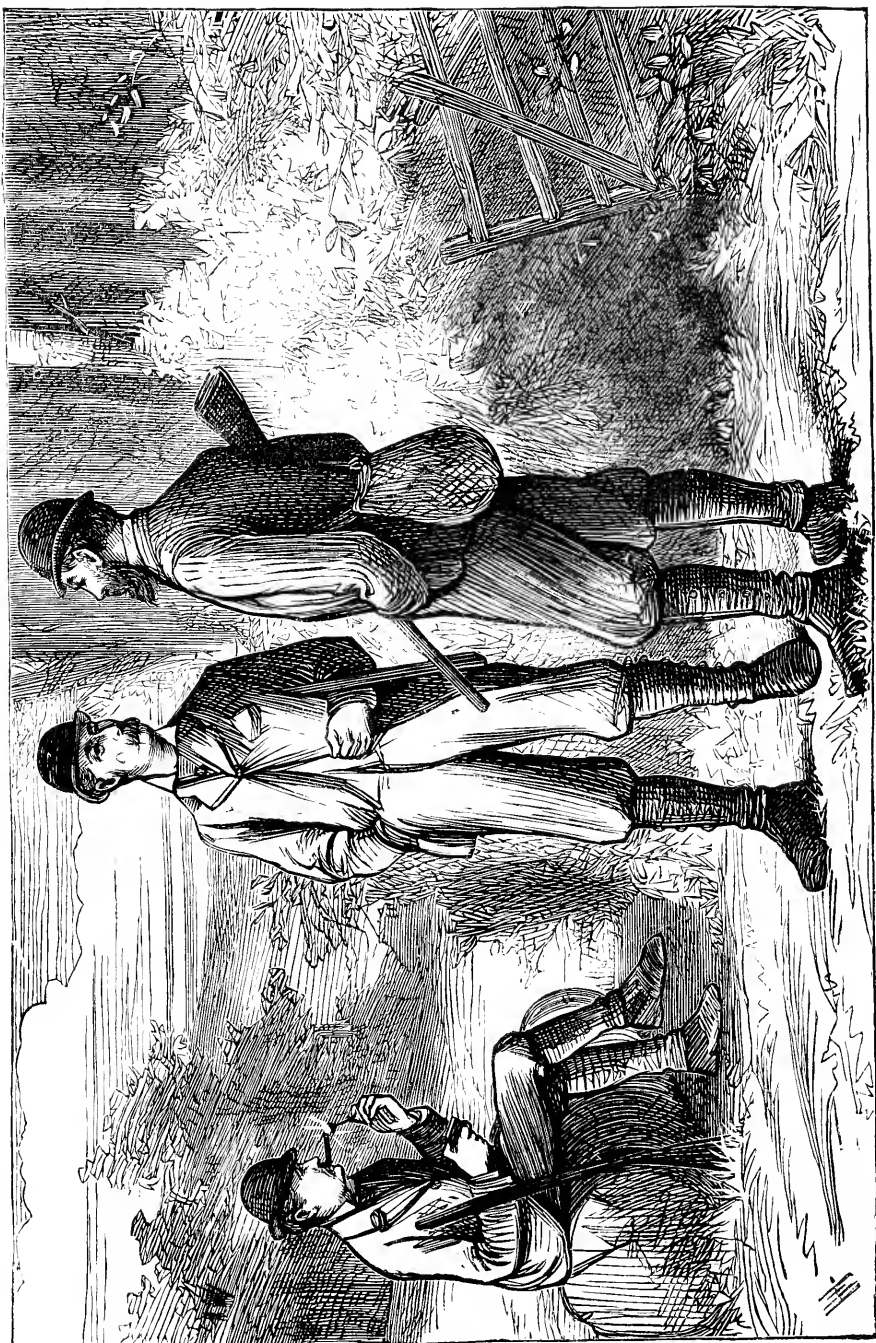
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AN OCTOBER ATROCITY. Smith has just informed his friends that he is sorry he cannot commence the day with his usual punctuality, as in consequence of a stoppage on the line the birds have only just arrived. Smith's friends say very little, but they think a lot.

“SO UNREASONABLE TO HAVE ASKED HIM,” HE HAD SAID. “NOW, MR. POPPUM, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT GOOD IS GOT BY SHOOTIN’
down them birds? INHUMAN MR. P. What do you mean by ‘what good?’ Oh, there’s a good in it, you may take my word. Though I’m shot if I can tell
you what it is just this minute.”



THE SNIPE OFF HIS TOAST.



HE snipe," says Mr. Samuel Wood, in his "British Bird Preserver" (by the way, can killing birds for the purpose of stuffing them be rightly called preserving birds?) "is very similar to the woodcock in appearance and habits, except that it is smaller. It is very rapid in its flight, and may be found in most marshy places, and by many slow streams."

Filled with a wild yearning to way-lay his own snipe by fair means or foul, and toast the same with musical honours, the Other Jones one evening sought out a roadside inn, adjacent to a marshy place, whereat he was given to understand snipes did mostly congregate.

It was one of those delightful old-fashioned inns that dwellers in luxuriously-appointed town houses gush over hysterically when away from home for a short holiday; the kind of place that in the good old wretched uncomfortable coaching days of the past, was a haven of rest to be mentioned in the cramped and chilblained travellers' prayers. What a cosy parlour that was, lurking behind the brown-red curtains, so

low-roofed one felt afraid to stand up at places with a high-crowned pot hat on. What roaring fires, and all the nasty, uncomfortable heat going straight up the chimney! What artful screens of many folds to keep the draught off your back, whilst two other doors on either side of you are left wholly unprotected, and a wind like a knife saws away at either ear! "What motherly landladies!" as De Quincey says somewhere among his many rambling rhapsodies. "Won how readily to kindness the most lavish, by the mere attractions of simplicity and youthful innocence, and finding so much interest in the bare circumstance of being a traveller at a childish age!" And I have myself no doubt whatever that a youthful "outside" traveller by the coach was received with acclamation, and treated *en Prince*. And again, does he not say, "What blooming young handmaidens! how different from the knowing and worldly *demireps* of modern high roads! And sometimes grey-headed, faithful waiters, how sincere and how attentive by comparison with their flippant successors, the eternal 'Coming, sir, coming!' of our improved generation!"

The Opium Eater had possibly eaten more opium than usual when he wrote that about the waiters, though probably with regard to the blooming young handmaidens he was to a certain extent correct (that is to say, of course, I mean that his data was correct). O Phillis! O Chloe of my youth! where are you now? I have no notion. At the places where I drop in for my quarter sea-biscuit and half-glass of toast and water (all I am allowed by my doctor, I assure you), there are but Flora, Laura, Aurora, and Rosalind, who, I must confess (though reluctantly) are as good or better-looking even than what I remember of Phillis and Chloe to have been; and yet, poor girls, how well they meant!

It must be admitted that the Other Jones arriving on foot—for the coach had long ceased to run—found the welcome accorded to him sufficiently genial. Quite a patriarchal retainer asked what he would take, and on the Other Jones's inquiry in his turn what there was, the patriarchal sought the rear of the premises, and communed with those in power, and it ended in eggs and bacon.



TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Tomkyns, having raised a splendid head of game, ventures amongst the hares for a day's shooting, and barely escapes with his life.

After the meal was over, the Other Jones betook himself to the smoking-room and ordered a glass of grog and a cigar. There was a little gathering of the sociably-inclined of those parts, and one or two present could tell a good story which, having the Other Jones as an audience, they told readily and with much spirit. You may be sure, too, the Other Jones had, in his turn, his stories to relate—that one about the tiger-hunt, and that about shooting mad elephants—causing, as usual, a profound sensation.

"You've brought your dog and gun with you. Might you have come down this way for sport?" respectfully inquired the local Vet.

"Snipe," replied our Other Jones, crossing his legs with careless ease. "They're plentiful about here, I have been given to understand."

"They're a good bit popped at, sir," replied the Vet, "and they're remarkably shy. Fact is, you've no chance with 'em unless you're up before sunrise."

"I'll be off to bed, then. I suppose there's some one can wake me, for my watch has stopped."

The time had passed so rapidly whilst the story-telling had been going on, that it was now just on twelve.



LATEST FROM THE MOORS.

CHORUS. *My bird, sir, I think!*

"Will six be too early for you?" asked the Vet. "I'll call you if it won't, as I'm going out myself. The sun rises at half-past."

It was agreed that this should be the arrangement, and our Other Jones returning to his room, flung his clothes on one side and himself upon the bed, and was fast asleep in no time.

* * * * *

Rat-tat-a-tat-tat!

"Good gracious! is it six already?"

"Twenty past!" cried the veterinary surgeon's voice from the other side of the bed-room door.

Our Other felt fearfully sleepy, and began to regret his rashness in making such an appointment. As the poet says:

"Cursed be the loud alarm set at random overnight,
When one talks of early rising in a tone absurdly light."

But there was no manly way out of the business, as it seemed to our Other; so with a groan he crept out of bed and lit the candle.

When he reached the inn door, he found it almost perfectly dark. The Vet. led the way, and our Other followed unsteadily. He had an extra glass overnight, and felt heavy and confused. His hand shook very much, too. It would be altogether the snipes' own fault if any fatal accident befell the snipe.



HAREY NOTHINGS.

LAIRD (condescendingly). *Do you think you could carry home a hare, Sandy?*

SANDY. *Weel, Laird, a dinna doot but a could if a had a pair o' rabbits tae balance it wi'.*

"Take care!" said the Vet., presently. "Here's only a plank over this ditch, and no hand-rail. Lay hold of my hand."

"If it were but a bit lighter," said our Other Jones. "We shan't be able to see the birds, if it goes on like this."

"It's a fog," said the Vet., "but it'll clear off directly. Do you see, it's brighter over there?"

"I don't notice *much* difference," said our Other Jones.

"We're getting to the fens now," continued his companion. "They're swarming there. Mind, here's another plank, and no hand-rail again. The fens are straight ahead. Go on quietly, and I'll catch you up."

Our Other did as he was told, not, however, without considerable misgivings. He did not quite see how he could ask his companion to lead him along any farther, unless his companion volunteered to do so, and this he did not do. Therefore, exercising the utmost caution, our Other tottered across the plank and felt his way into the darkness beyond.



TRUE VALOUR.

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN (to Foreign Friend). *Hi! there; fire, man! don't you see that hare back there?*

FOREIGNER. *Vat! shoot ze poor ting down as it retreat? No, no, my good saire, wait till he turn abouts and face me, then I will—zing!*

Advancing a step at a time, he suddenly came upon a shallow pond, and was into it with both feet before he could pull up. Returning hastily, he began to work his way round the bank, wondering which way he ought to go.

All at once, however, it struck him that his friend the Vet. was very slow in following, and he stood still to listen.

Not a sound was audible. He shouted again and again, but received no reply.

He began to feel uneasy. He turned his back on the pond and walked straight ahead for twenty yards, till he came to a ditch. He kept by the side of it for about twenty yards farther, then turned and walked straight ahead again, and this time straight into another ditch.

Still it was pitch dark. He was very wet and very cold, and was beginning to feel very frightened.

He shouted and shouted till he was hoarse. Then he sat down upon the stump of a tree, and waited three mortal hours for daybreak, his unhappy dog shivering by his side.

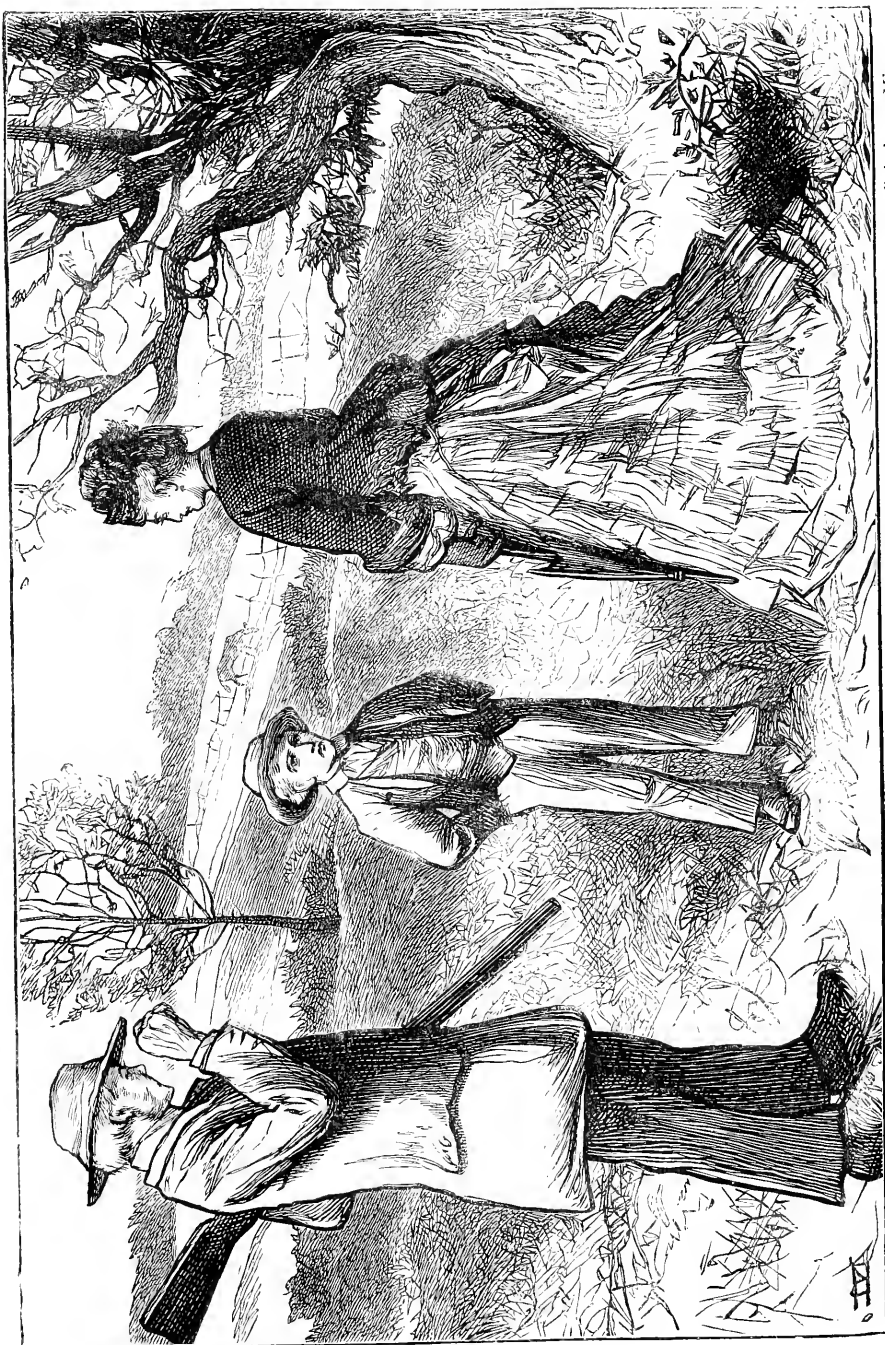
With the first streaks of early dawn he made the discovery that the inn where he had slept was just opposite to him, a stone's throw off on the other side of a ditch.

He returned to it dead beat, though happier in his mind, and asked for something hot and strong, at the same time inquired the time.

"It's only just gone six," said the landlord. "I thought you was abed, sir. I hope them gents didn't play no practical joke off on you after I'd gone upstairs."

* * * * *





HAD HIM THERE! LADY. You're a very good boy, I understand, and learn your lessons well — BOY'S FATHER. Pretty well, let's say, Miss.
LADY. And if you only learnt a little better manners, and took your hat off when you spoke to a lady —
[*Boy's father doesn't interrupt this time, but takes the hint him-elf.*]



A SIMPLE STORY.

Mr. Poyson is not much of a sportsman, but you see he rented some shooting, because he had been recommended walking exercise. At the end of the first day he told his keeper to take care of the game, as he calculated that they would cost him a curra a head. "In that case, sir," said the keeper, "you'll be glad *there's no more of 'em*."

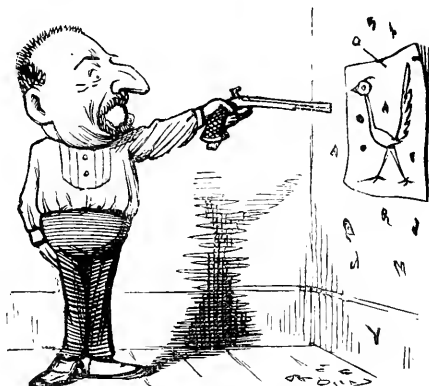
LIFE AND LIMBS IN THE HIGHLANDS. SCOTCH KEEPER (to Young Sportsman). Ye hae shot a boy:
possible? What shall I do? KEEPER (innocently). Gie him a shillin'. YOUNG SPORTSMAN. Good heavens! is it



ALPHONSE DE POMPON'S DAY'S PHEASANT SHOOTING.



"Mon ami," said Alphonse, the other day to himself, in his chamber in Dean Street, Soho, "you have gone all ze summare, and not vonce shot ze fox or hunted ze vild cocq pheasant—you must!"



As Alphonse hears that the height of the season for pheasant shooting is about the first, he will go in for that, and practises accordingly;



To the delight of a lady lodger in the adjoining room.



Having resolved upon making Wimbledon Common the scene of his exploits, he invests in a hunting costume, *en royale*.

MODERN DIANAS.

DOES a girl look well floundering and stumbling through a stubble field? asks our Other Jones; and are those gaiters really becoming?

A GIRL treads heavyish in shooting boots, is another of his observations.

SOME women would have you believe they can take any fence flying, and take offence if you venture to doubt it.

SOME people, averse to "Veteran Highflyers," say that after the bridal the saddle ought to be abandoned.

THE softer sex sometimes falls quite as heavily as the other.



And early in the morning of the First, starts,—“Come on, Billie! 'Ere's a performing Mossoo! Hooray ”



He arrives on the Common, and waits several hours for pheasants to turn up. They don't; so he attempts a little practice at the butts, just to keep his hand in.



But is eventually requested to leave by the commanding officer of a volunteer firing party. Alphonse remarked to his friend Gustave that evening, “Oui, mon ami, ze militaire only could compel a De Pompon to retire; but for zat, ah! I should have stopped and got a good bags!”

SLAUGHTER.

A POPULAR writer, in an article on grouse shooting, remarks upon those Goths and Vandals who contrive places of concealment for themselves where the moorland marches with arable upland, and take pot-shots at the grouse as they settle upon the stooks of the late outstanding oat crop. “A man will do a good deal for a bag,” says he; “but battue shooting, contemptible as is that abnormal development of the human lust for slaughter, is venial compared with this miserable travestie of a noble sport. For my own part, I would sooner shoot park deer from a rest; nay, I would even pepper pigeons at Hurlingham!”

The Other Jones, who had been down to the Welsh Harp with a similar aim in view, left early, calling it brutal and disgusting work. Strictly speaking, he had hit nothing.



The season is over, it is true ; but Snickler always had a bad reputation as a suspected poacher. Was he really asleep ?



"My wife made me put an extra flannel shirt into my bag, and said, 'The moment you feel you're getting damp, change it.' Now, I am as damp as ever I can stick, but I don't see my way to changing."



"Must take home something decent'—so you bought a goose. Well, my wife wouldn't be satisfied unless *I had shot my bird myself!*"



"S-h—s-h-h-h! Be quiet, can't you Fido? You'll frighten the ducks away again, you stupid fool!"



"Ladies first! After you, madam."
"Oh, no, sir! pray go on. If any are left, I can have my turn."

SOME "OTHER JONES'S."

HE must have been the Other Jones but one, who, when asked what sport he had had, said he had juggled a brace every morning before breakfast.

"A pair of braces, old man, wasn't it?" said the friend he told, waking him up with a spank between the shoulders.

THERE is only one man alive who really knows the story of "The Grouse in the Gun Room," and that is the Other Jones but one (on the mother's side).

THE peculiarity of the Other Jones's coat is the enormous number of pockets there are in it. He has a pocket for everything, and the particular thing he is looking for is always deep down in the last pocket.

"I SAY, Jones," said a youthful friend of our Other, towards the close of the first hour's unsuccessful fishing one day, when both were young and sanguine, "my bait's all gone. Where's yours?"

"My what?"

"Your bait."

He hadn't thought of bringing any.

"THE pommel," the Other Jones once said, "is that part sticking up in front of the saddle you catch hold of when you jump over a fence."

"I SAY, look here. Jones!" said somebody, one day after dinner, interrupting our Other in the middle of an extraordinary story of an encounter with a shark; "you said you were naked in the water. How, then, did you get that clasp knife out of your pocket?"

"Well," said our Other, with dignity, "if you know my story better than I do, you'd better tell it yourself, hadn't you? Go on."

HURRIED.

THE man who, looking in at a friend's house when wet through, after a day's shooting, imprudently dried himself with a pound of gunpowder in his coat-tail pocket, went between the front doorposts with the door under his right arm, and was found some distance off outside trying to shake his left leg loose from the scraper. He said he had no time to say good night.

JUDY'S LUNATIC CONTRIBUTOR ON "THE FIRST."



The shooting season having commenced, as usual, on "The First," in England,



Although abroad it began a little earlier ;



And JUDY'S Lunatic Contributor having read that "Sportsmen will this year brush the turnips and stubble in search of birds," that "Partridges are plentiful and strong," and that "Farmers have sold the right to kill rabbits at good prices this season ;"



Writes to inform JUDY that the foregoing is quite correct, he having been "all there" on "The First," and taken sporting sketches on the spots. Opposite are a few of them.

CUB MURDER.

IN "Scrutator's" admirable book on the science of fox hunting, he remarks upon the sinfulness of killing cubs for the sake of counting noses, which huntsmen are sometimes apt to do ; and who for the sake of being paraded in print as the destroyers of so many braces of foxes by the season, take the opportunity of swelling their list of slain by snapping up cubs when there can be no merit in killing them ; and he tells of an old huntsman who was once twitted for the paucity of his number booked. "I never counts 'em whilst they sucks," grunted the old man.



Brushing the turnips.



The strength of the partridges.



A stony-hearted farmer selling the right to kill, in cold blood, the innocent rabbit, at a good price.

THAT CLERK OF THE WEATHER A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

I HAVE heard so many elderly people going about talking of the springs and summers of their youth, and how much better they were than those we have now, that I have taken the trouble to copy out of dear old Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne," the record taken by him of the weather just one hundred years ago, in 1778 :—

"To the 13th January, frost, with a little snow ; to the 24th January, rain ; to the 30th, hard frost. To the 23rd Feb., dark, harsh, foggy weather, with rain. To the end of the month, hard frost, with snow. To the end of the first fortnight in March, dark, harsh weather. From the 1st to the end of the first fortnight in April, spring weather. To the end of the month, snow and ice. To the 11th June, cool, with heavy showers. To the 19th July, hot, sultry, parching weather. To the end of the month, heavy showers. To the end of September, dry, warm weather. To the end of the year, wet, with considerable intervals of sunshine."

Just a little bit like it is now-a-days, it seems to me.

TWITTERS HAS A DAY'S



Here was an awful thing to happen to Twitters—an accident not provided for by any of the rules of sport !



"Well, Oi did thort fayther gi' 'im a kicker."



TWITTERS (*aside*). This may be the one I shot ; but how's it come to be so high ?



'Come on ! this is a short cut.'

"Shot the boy, have I?" said Twitters, in desperation. "I felt as if I were bound to shoot something if I went on long enough."

"TITTLEBATS."

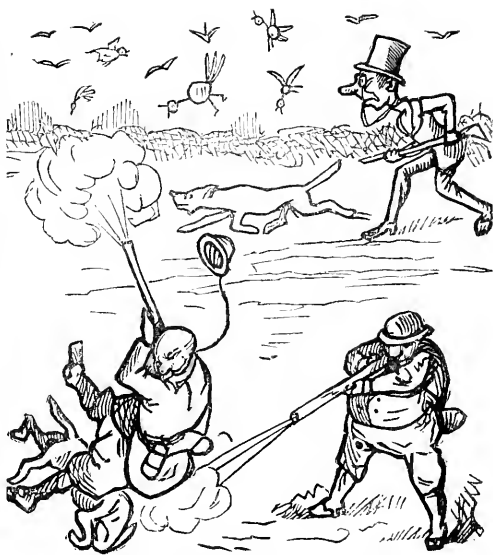
IT is elsewhere set down that upon one memorable evening, May 12, 1827, when Joseph Smiggers, Esq., P.V.P.M.P.C. (Perpetual Vice-President, Member Pickwick Club) presiding, the following resolution was unanimously agreed to : "That this Association has heard read, with feelings of unmingled satisfaction and unqualified approval, the paper communicated by Samuel Pickwick, Esq., General Chairman, Member Pickwick Club, entitled, 'Speculations on the Source of the Hampstead Ponds, with some Observations on the Theory of Tittlebats,' and that this Association does hereby return its warmest thanks to the said Samuel Pickwick, Esq., G.C.M.P.C., for the same."

A careful perusal of the remainder of the "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," however, leads us to the conclusion that these speculations and observations were continued no further, although it is very certain that Pickwick himself, accompanied by his friends Tupman, Snodgrass, and Winkle, started on a tour for that express purpose.

A writer in the old "Magazine of Natural History," relates how he used to keep some in a deal tub, to watch their habits ; and he says that when they were put in for a day or two, they would swim about in a shoal, apparently exploring their new habitation. Then suddenly one would take possession of the tub, and would instantly commence an attack upon his companions ; and if any of them ventured to oppose his sway, a most furious battle ensued. They swam round and round with the greatest rapidity, biting and endeavouring to pierce each other with their lateral spines, which on these occasions were projected. A battle of this kind would last several minutes, and then at last one submitted. Imagination could hardly conceive the vindictive fury of the conqueror, who unrelentlessly pursued his rival from one part of the tub to another, until he himself was fairly exhausted by fatigue. "From this period an interesting change takes place," says the writer, "for the conqueror, who from being a speckled greenish-looking fish, assumes the most beautiful colours, the stomach and lower jaws becoming a deep crimson, and the back generally a fine green, and his whole appearance



If you don't run to a dog, you may do without it, if your nose is good enough. 'Ware wasps' nests!



Anyway, enjoy yourself: you've come out to do so. Have a shot at something!



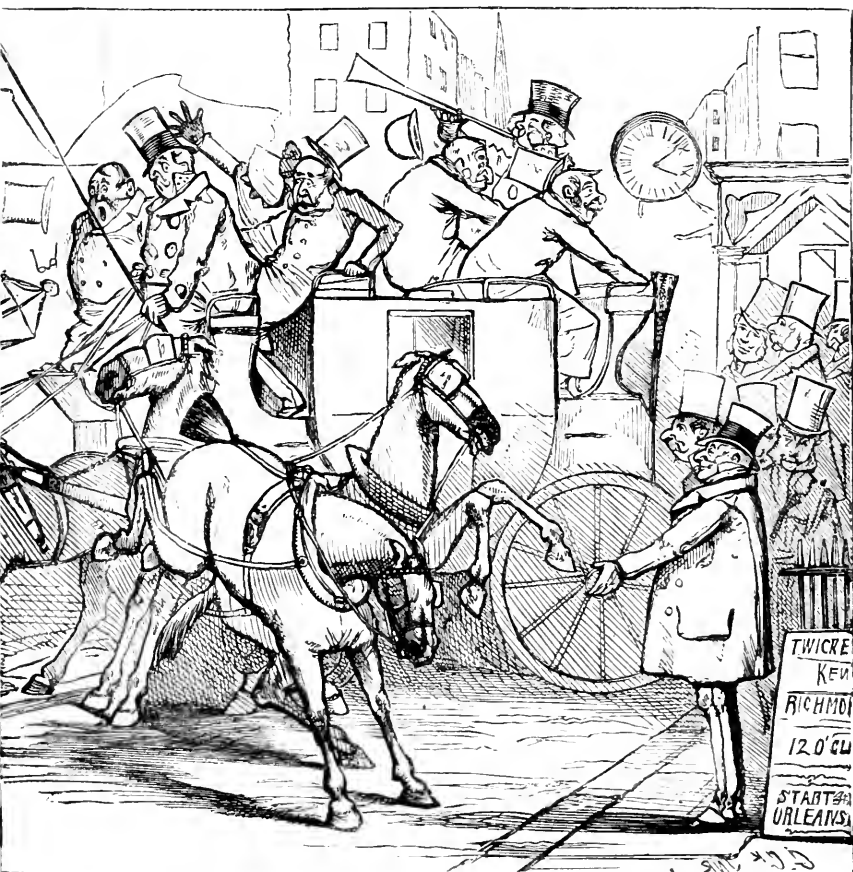
"I say! look here! one at a time! Blest if I shoot any of you if you're not quiet!"

full of spirit and animation; whilst at the same time a strange alteration also takes place in the defeated party: his gallant bearing forsakes him, his gay colours fade away, he becomes again speckled and ugly, and he hides his disgrace among his peaceable companions. It is the male fish only which are so pugnacious."

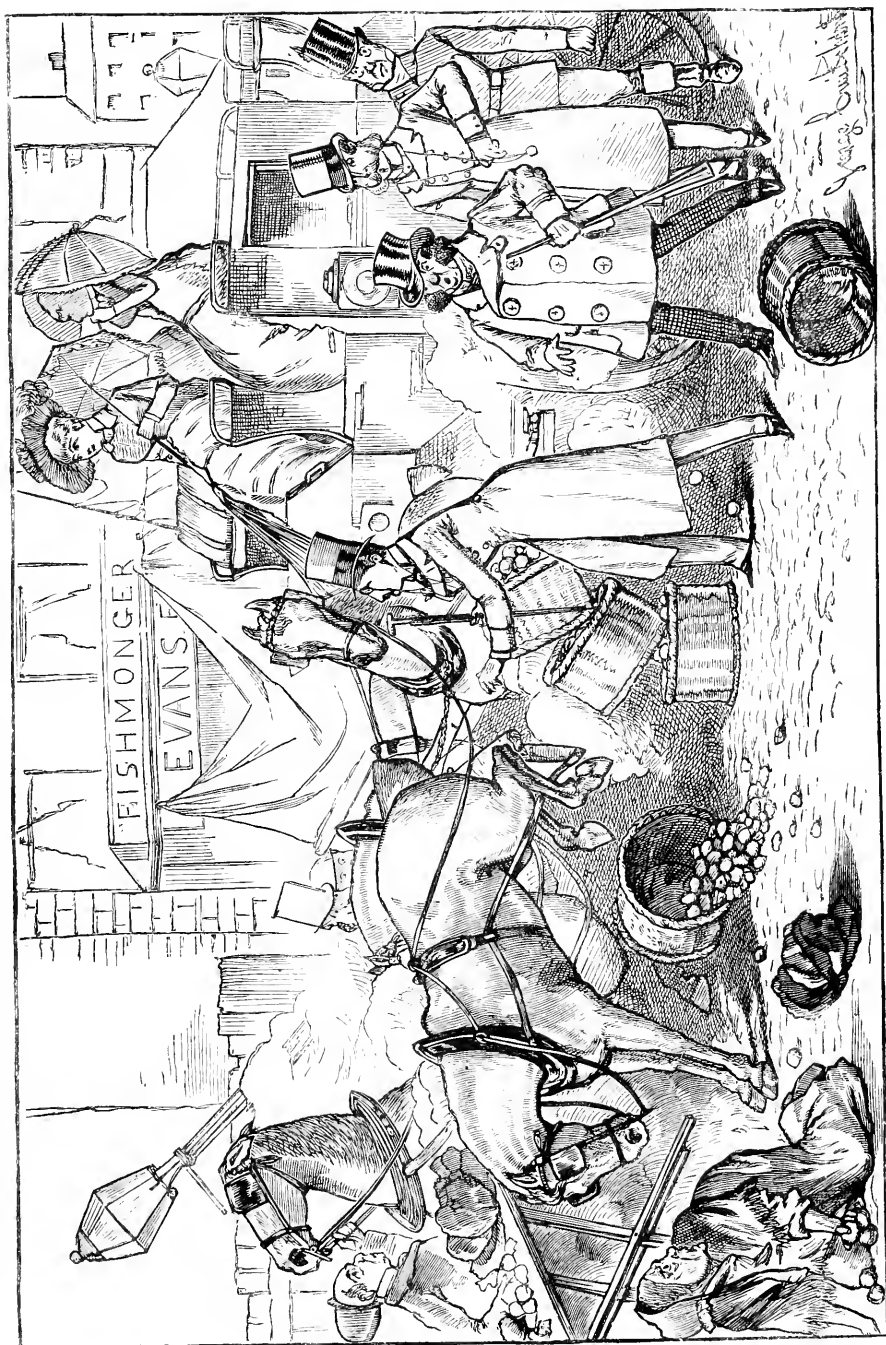
Anxious to add his item to Stickleback records, the Other Jones brought a pair home with him from Clapham Common, and bought upon the way one of those glass gypsy kettles, at sixpence, to keep them in.

"What's this rubbish?" said the Other Jones's landlady, to whom the Other Jones owed a trifle of back rent: "wasting his money like that, when the widow and the fatherless are wanting bread!"

THE
OTHER JONES'S FRIEND'S COACH,
"GREASED LIGHTNING."

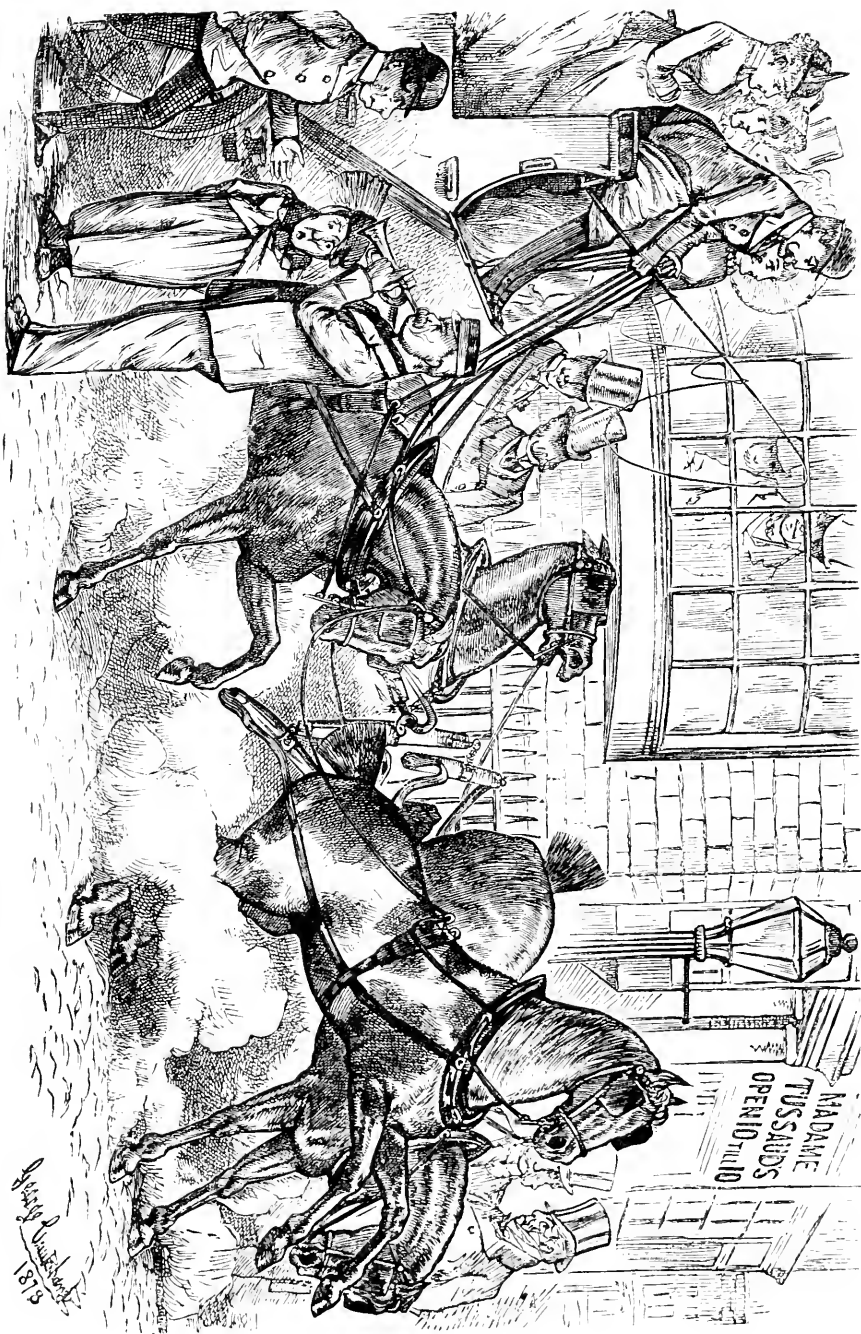


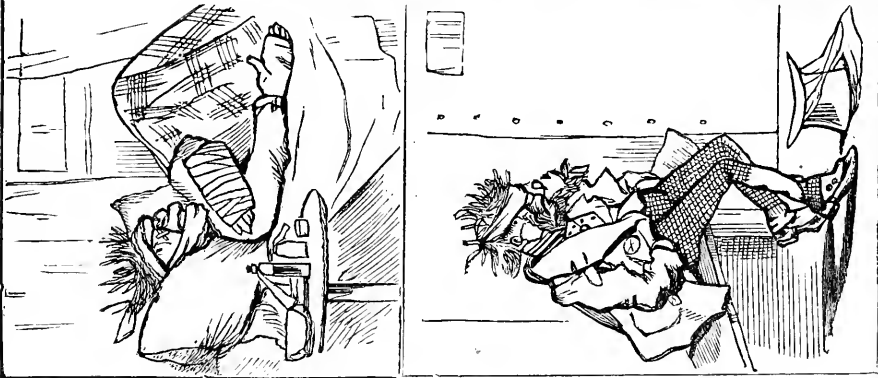
The Other Jones's Friend's coach makes a good start. "Which way are you going?"



A neat turn-out and a nice turn over. "More exes!" murmured the Other Jones.

An Opposition Coach. And the horses kicked-up much worse than the Other Jones's Friend's, and yet no harm came of it. Some people *hate* such luck; or else perhaps this man really did know how to drive.





Coming home from "Appy 'Ampton." Only a little something wrong again with the Other Jones's Friend's frisky leader.

THE OTHER JONES'S FRIEND'S COACH.



FEW persons living outside the charmed circle of Toddleton Terrace, Somers Town, can properly form any idea of the excitement that prevailed when the news first got about that the Other Jones had taken to the Road.

"I always said how it would all end!" cried Miss Priscilla Jones, the maiden aunt our Other used to entertain expectations from. She was taking tea at the time with Miss Clupp from No. 5, and the two Misses Spareribs from the house at the corner. "It's all along of reading those penny number things when a boy: 'Claude Du Val,' and 'Sixteen-String Jack,' and 'Hurrah! for the Road,' or 'Jenny Diver, the Female Highwayman.'"

"A female and a highwayman too—how horrid!" exclaimed the two Misses Spareribs.

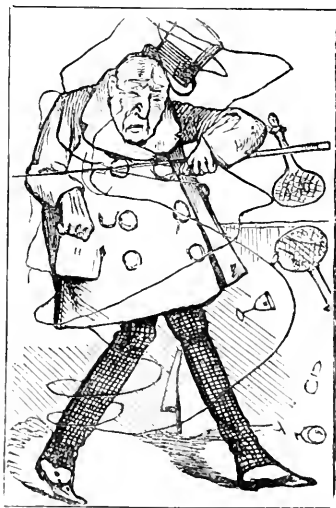
"And in jack boots and things, like a man," said Miss Priscilla Jones.

"Good gracious!" cried the Misses Spareribs; "and which way did the bold, forward creature sit upon the horse?" * * *

But the Other Jones had not taken to the road in the sense these gentle ladies at first imagined. A friend of the Other Jones had determined to tool a coach three times a week from the White Horse, Piccadilly, to Straggleford in Surrey.

It was not the most interesting route that might have been chosen, had not all the other interesting routes been long ago appropriated by other coaches; but there was one thing about this particular coach—(it was to be christened "Greased Lightning," on account of the high speed intended to be kept up all along the road)—which lent it a peculiar charm. Other coaches are frequently driven by swells, but, as a rule, the guard is a person occupying a somewhat humbler station in life. On this coach the Other Jones was to be guard. The whole thing was to be turned out in tip-top style, and it was bound to be a big go. This the Other Jones and the Other Jones's friend had settled right off long ago.

It was Rosherville who "parted" and was said to have bought the whole turnout—coach and bloods—for a large sum of money, but had picked them up dirt cheap. Mr. Rosherville's nags were not all the same colour. There was, for instance, a black horse, very like one of Sir Henry Tufton's, only it had rather too many white-stockinged feet to exactly resemble his. There was a bay wheeler not at all unlike Mr. Coupland's, only it had rather too Roman a nose. There was a chestnut who, some years earlier, in the dusk, might have mixed up with those belonging to Mr. A thur Byass, and not attracted special attention. And, lastly, there was a sort of high stepping spirited spotted animal, who did not seem distinctly to understand whether he was to be a leader or a wheeler, and kept turning round to look.



Rosherville scarcely handled the ribbons as well as the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Carington, the Marquis of Worcester, or Captain Wombwell; but the style in which he caught his whip has generally been allowed to be little short of masterly. It was wisest to shut your eyes if you were anywhere near him while he did it, but from a safe distance it was a thing to see!



Triumphal entry of the Other Jones's Friend's coach at Richmond. Another good waiter gone wrong!

The trumpet fell to the share of our Other Jones, who performed upon it with vigour whenever the occasion arose, and also at other times. But even if you did not care to hear a lot at a time of our Other's music, he was in himself a sight to see, and to feel better afterwards.

The first day, owing to some misunderstanding in consequence of which the advertisements did not appear in the papers, very few persons assembled to see the start. One or two of the regular old Toddlers from St. James's Street stood still to see the fun; and there were an errand-boy and a policeman, who presently grappled with the spotted charger that had helped to knock down a lamp-post, and now wanted to bite it. Some of Rosherville and the Other Jones's private friends, who had been accommodated with seats gratis, wanted to "chuck the whole thing up," and get down and walk.

The next journey the route was changed: it being "'Appy 'Ampton" day, it was proposed that they should drive down to the races, and a good complement of travellers was procured (at a cheap fare), including loveliness in gay attire; and everything would undoubtedly have gone as merrily as wedding bells, had not the Only Jones, who was by this time "regularly sick" of his trumpet, persisted in driving.

It would not be fair to the reader to describe in detail the journey back. There came a time when everything went over, and loveliness was collected together in a fainting state from among the scattered contents of half-emptied luncheon hampers. There was a fearful row, and Rosherville was taken home



Something awkward about the money for the Other Jones's Friend's coach and horses.

and put into splinters ; and a messenger came from the Other Jones at dead of night asking the Editor of JUDY to be bail for him.

But the thing was not yet at an end. Rosherville was not a man easily beaten. When he got over his wounds, he was up again as fresh as paint, and had arranged a grand day, which was to be called the "opening day," and the others only considered as rehearsals.

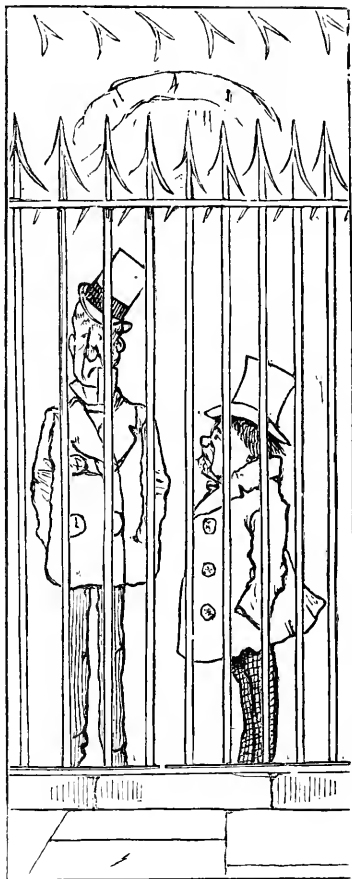
The Star and Garter was to be the goal on this occasion, and rank and fashion scrambled to the box seat, affording a fleeting glimpse of lace trimmings and heavenly heels. It was a splendid day, and Rosherville was in enormous form, and tooled down like one o'clock. Indeed, there was no stopping him, and he never drew up until his coach and four were regularly mixed up with the company assembled, and the vacillating leader had stamped on a waiter's back.

There was an awful row, as you may suppose, and the police were called in ; and when the full particulars reached JUDY'S Office, which was when the police report appeared in the morning papers, it was suggested to the Other Jones that he must find all expenses himself beyond the salary allowed him, if he wished to continue as JUDY'S Special Sporting Commissioner. A little calculation was then made with regard to the cost, and some objections raised to the following items :

Four columns of report of action relating to a hare in a postal pillar-box at Wumpsey, sent by telegraph. The telegram only arrived the day after the account had been printed in a local journal, which might have been posted for a half-



A little unpleasantness.



A little more.

penny (add cost of paper another halfpenny), and got to the JUDY Office quite soon enough.

Legal expenses relative to half a pack of hounds lost, stolen, or strayed, and one huntsman's horse.

Cost of half pack and huntsman's horse (both at owner's own valuation).

Damages of various kinds too numerous to mention whilst out with a gun.

Total destruction of the said gun.

Whilst we were in committee upon this business, somebody else rose up and objected strongly to further deeds of daring on the part of the Other Jones, as far as the coach and four were concerned. This was a "party" who had found the money—"the blood and the bloods," as he put it—and who said he'd like to see the colour of his money back again.

Wholly ignoring the past, in which he had spoken of his friend Rosherville in glowing terms, the Other Jones now went round, declaring with much warmth that he would have nothing more to do with Rosherville, and nothing would tempt him to renew his connection with that impostor, now broken off for ever.

A day or two later a letter reached the JUDY Office, in which the Other Jones tendered his resignation of the post of Special Sporting Commissioner. This letter might have crossed one from the Office giving the Other Jones the sack, or it might have been written immediately upon the receipt of that letter.

There is no saying for certain which was the true state of the case.

THE END OF THE OTHER JONES.

ROSBACH WATER.

Professor J. A. WANKLYN,
M.E.C.S., Public Analyst
for Bucks, &c., reports:

"Rosbach Water is very pleasant to the taste, and an excellent table water. On submitting it to analysis I found it to be remarkably pure. It is well adapted for general use, and may be taken in large quantities; which cannot be said of ANY OTHER MINERAL WATER. I PREFER ROSBACH TO ALL OTHER MINERAL WATERS at present before the public."

PURE.

NATURAL.

EFFERVESCING.

BRISK and SPARKLING long after the Bottles have been opened.

ROSBACH WATER, imported DIRECT from the SPRINGS near Homburg,

Is Sold Everywhere, and by

THE ROSBACH COMPANY (LIMITED), 35 FINSBURY CIRCUS, LONDON, in original packages containing 50 quart glass bottles, 26s.; 100 pint ditto, 42s.; less 5 per cent. discount for cash. Retail, 6s. per doz. pints; 8s. per doz. quarts, delivered free within the three miles radius.

KEATING'S INSECT POWDER

DESTROYS
BUGS
FLEAS
MOTHS
BETTER
BEETLES

THIS POWDER is unrivalled in destroying every species of offensive Insects, and is perfectly harmless to even the smallest animal or bird.

It is strongly recommended to FAMILIES, PROPRIETORS OF HOTELS, &c., as being clean in its application, and securing that complete extermination of those pests to sleeping apartments so difficult to guard against.

INDISPENSABLE TO TRAVELLERS.

Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each, or Free by Post, 14 and 33 stamps, from

THOMAS KEATING, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.

Avoid worthless imitations! Ask for 'KEATING'S POWDER.'

and take no other, and you will not be disappointed.

BRAND & CO'S
SPECIALTIES FOR INVALIDS
ESTD 1835
ESSENCES OF BEEF,
MUTTON, VEAL & CHICKEN,
BEEF TEA, TURTLE SOUP & JELLY,
MEAT LOZENGES &c.
SOLE ADDRESS
No. 11,
STANHOPE ST.
MAYFAIR, W.



TRADE MARK
(REGISTERED.)

A CERTAIN CURE FOR DEAFNESS.

By this valuable "Specific" hundreds have been cured of this distressing malady. For cold in the head, with noise in the ear, it is most efficacious.

OSBORNE'S GOLDEN DROPS FOR DEAFNESS.
The highest Testimonials are enclosed, with Directions for use with each bottle.

Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Chemists, price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 5s.; or free by post for 1½d. extra from

E. M. OSBORNE,
26 THAVIES INN, HOLBORN CIRCUS, LONDON.

ASK FOR AND SEE YOU GET SPRATT'S PATENT MEAT FIBRINE DOG CAKES

22s. per Cwt., carriage paid.

USED AT ALL THE PRINCIPAL SHOWS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND ABROAD.

KENNEL CLUB DOG SHOW, CRYSTAL PALACE, 1878,

The Dogs, as at previous Shows, were fed on our Patent Cakes, by order of the Kennel Club.

PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION DOG SHOW, 1878,

SPRATT'S PATENT received the exclusive order from the French Government to supply their Patent Cakes at the above Show.

IRISH KENNEL CLUB DOG SHOW, DUBLIN, 1878,

The Dogs were fed on our Patent Cakes by order.

BIRMINGHAM NATIONAL SHOW OF SPORTING DOGS, December 2nd-5th, 1878,

The Dogs will be fed on our Patent Cakes by order of the Committee.

From the reputation these Meat Fibrine Cakes have now gained, they require scarcely any explanation to recommend them to the use of every one who keeps a dog: suffice it to say that they are free from Salt, and contain "Dates," the exclusive use of which, in combination with Meat and Meal to compose a biscuit, is secured to us by Letters Patent, and without which no biscuit so composed can possibly be a successful continuous food for dogs.

The *Field*, extract from an Editorial Notice—"No one can dispute the exceeding convenience which is afforded by Spratt's Patent Biscuits, and it is therefore with great pleasure that we can recommend them to all owners of dogs."

TO BUYERS.—Beware of worthless imitations same shape. See that every Cake is stamped "SPRATT'S PATENT" and a "X".

WE GIVE BELOW FAC-SIMILE OF THE GENUINE BISCUIT.



SPRATT'S PATENT DOG MEDICINES AND DOG SOAP.
NO EXHIBITOR OF DOGS SHOULD BE WITHOUT THEM.

SPRATT'S PATENT, Bernondsey, London, and 36 Rue Caumartin, Paris.
N.B.—Our goods can be obtained in all Continental Cities.

Glenfield Starch

Has for many Years been Exclusively used in the Royal Laundry.

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| "The best Starch I ever used." | } | The Queen's Laundress. |
| "Admittedly far and away the best Starch attainable." | | "The World." |
| "Particularly adapted for clear starching muslins." | } | "Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine." |

LOYSEL'S PATENT HYDROSTATIC TEA & COFFEE PERCOLATORS.

(Block Tin and Copper Bronzed.)

These Urns, of which more than 200,000 are now in use, are, without exception, the simplest and the most efficient ones yet introduced; they produce quickly, and with very little trouble, beautifully clear and fine-flavoured Tea or Coffee, and effect a considerable saving by extracting all the strength.

VOSE'S PATENT HYDROPULT

The best Portable Garden & Fire Engine made, weighs but 8 lbs., and will throw water 50 feet.

THE ABOVE ARE SOLD BY ALL RESPECTABLE IRONMONGERS.

Manufacturers—GRIFFITHS & BROWETT, Birmingham; 21 Moorgate St. London; and 64 Rue des Tournelles, Paris.

RIMMEL'S PERFUMERY AND ELEGANT NOVELTIES.



RIMMEL'S FRAGRANT PERFUMES—Star of India, Cyprus Flowers, Ilang-Ilang, Marimon, Vanda, Wood Violet, Jockey Club, &c., from 2s. 6d.
RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR—fragrant, tonic, and refreshing, an indispensable requisite in all families and for travelling. 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s.
RIMMEL'S LIME JUICE AND GLYCERINE, the best preparation for the Hair. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.
RIMMEL'S PURE WHITE GLYCERINE SOAP, 6d. and 1s.
RIMMEL'S AQUADENTINE, to Whiten the Teeth and refresh the Mouth, 2s. 6d.
RIMMEL'S VELVETINE, a refined imperceptible Toilet Powder, 1s. 6d. & 2s. 6d.
RIMMEL'S AROMATIC OZONIZER, a fragrant disinfecting powder, 1s.
RIMMEL'S FANCY CRACKERS, most original and amusing, from 2s. per doz.
RIMMEL'S NEW PERFUMED ALMANACS—"Old Masters," 6d., Fan, 6d., Comic Pocket Book, 1s.

RIMMEL'S BIRTHDAY AND CHRISTMAS CARDS, AND SACHETS, from 6d.
RIMMEL'S TOILET AND SMELLING-BOTTLES, SCENT-CASES, FANS, FANCY BOXES, and other Elegant Novelties, for presents or use, in immense variety; lists on application.

EUGENE RIMMEL, *Perfumer to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales*, 96 Strand; 128 Regent St. 24 Cornhill, London; 76 King's Road, Brighton; and 17 Boulevard des Italiens, Paris.

RAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH

THIS excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for Indigestion, Biliou's and Liver Complaints, Sick-Headache, Loss of Appetite, Drowsiness, Giddiness, Spasms, and all Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels; and where an Aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.

PERSONS OF A FULL HABIT, who are subject to Headache, Giddiness, Drowsiness, and Singing in the Ears, arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should never be without them, as many dangerous symptoms will be entirely carried off by their use.

For FEMALES these Pills are truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the distressing Headache so very prevalent with the sex, Depression of Spirits, Dulness of Sight, Nervous Affections, Blisters, Pimples, and Sallowiness of the Skin, and give a Healthy Bloom to the Complexion.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or obtained through any Chemist.

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

THE excruciating pain of GOUT or RHEUMATISM is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated Medicine,

BLAIR'S

GOUT & RHEUMATIC PILLS.

They require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold at 1s., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. per box by all Medicine Vendors.

1,000 SPORTING PICTURES FOR SALE.

GREAT BARGAINS. SPECIAL JOB LOTS.

G. R. begs to draw the attention of the Public to his Job Lot of Pictures, and which are on sale for the present month only. Intending purchasers should avail themselves of this opportunity.

The Horses are all one size, 34×24.

The GUINEA PARCEL consists of

"SEFTON" (Jockey up), CONSTABLE, Derby Winner, 1878.

"JULIUS CÆSAR" (F. ARCHER up), City and Suburban Winner.

Three Waterloo Cup Winners,

"MASTER MACGRATH," "DONALD," and "HONEYMOON."

The usual price of the above Parcel is Three Guineas.

The TWO GUINEA PARCEL, viz.,

"SEFTON," the Derby Winner for 1878.

* "JANETTE," the Leger Winner for 1878.

"SILVIO," the Derby Winner for 1877.

"PETRARCH," the Leger Winner for 1877.

"COOMASSIE," "DONALD," "HONEYMOON," "MASTER
MACGRATH."

* "Janette" being in the hands of the Engraver, will follow next month. Or a set of (4) Fox Hunts can be had in place of it if desired.

The THREE GUINEA JOB LOT, viz.,

"SEFTON," ... Jockey up, CONSTABLE.

"JANETTE," ... do. F. ARCHER.

"SILVIO," ... do. GOATER.

"PETRARCH" ... do. JIM GOATER.

"SPRINGFIELD" ... do. TOM CANNON.

"COOMASSIE," Waterloo Cup Winner.

"DONALD," do.

"HONEYMOON," do.

"MASTER MACGRATH," do.

Set of Four, Coaching size, 22×14.

The usual price of this Parcel is Ten Guineas.

GEO. REES,

41, 42, & 43 Russell Street, Covent Garden,

Opposite Drury Lane Theatre.

ESTABLISHED A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

By Her Majesty's



Royal Letters Patent.

DR. HANKS'S NEURALGIA

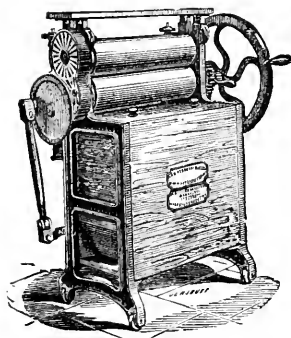
AND NERVE-MIXTURE,

WHICH IS NO QUACK IMPOSTURE, but a genuine, truly useful, *bona fide* medicine, and is allowed by those who have tried it to be the quickest and most effectual cure for Neuralgia, Tic Douloureux, Rheumatic Neuralgia, Spasmodic Neuralgia, Hysterical Neuralgia, Ear-ache, Brow Ague, Face-ache, Tooth-ache, Sciatica, Nervous Disorders, Nervousness, Nervous Head-ache, Nervous Cough, Nervous Irritability, Nervous Trembling, Nervous Debility, and Nerve Pains, after having been used with great success for sixteen years in his private practice, it is now before the public. Being now before the public, it rests with the public whether they will punish themselves by continuing to suffer these painful complaints, or take **DR. HANKS'S NEURALGIA AND NERVE-MIXTURE**, which is offered to them for their cure. It has speedily relieved these diseases when specifics, vaunted as cures, have been unsuccessful, and several teeth have been previously extracted, and that without the least benefit.

This valuable Mixture relieves pain and spasms, strengthens and calms the nervous system, restores sleep, and quiets the brain when disturbed by anxiety, worry, and overwork. Being a Stomachic, no medicine excels it as a remedy for Indigestion and its attending evils.

This celebrated Mixture is pleasant in taste, and its smell is agreeable; its action local and internal; and as it will keep any length of time without decomposing, all sportsmen and others should have it ready for use to arrest these severe diseases at their onset. *Price 1s. 9d., 2s. 3d., and 3s. 6d. a Bottle. Post-free for 30 or 45 Stamps.*

SOLD BY RICKARDS HANKS, 146 MILE END ROAD, LONDON, AND ALL CHEMISTS AND WHOLESALE MEDICINE VENDORS.



THE THOROUGH WASHER,

With Wringer and Mangler combined.

Will wash from three to ten times as many clothes in a given time as any other Machine in the market.

Thirty shirts, or a mixed quantity, twelve or fourteen pounds in weight, can be **THOROUGHLY** and **EASILY** washed in three or four minutes in the **THOROUGH WASHER**, by any child ten years old.

Catalogues &c., free by Post.

The Thorough Washing-Machine Co.,
BURNLEY, LANCASHIRE.

HAIR DESTROYER.—248 HIGH HOLBORN, London.—ALEX. ROSS'S **DEPILATORY** removes superfluous hair from the face, neck, and arms without effect to the skin. Price 3s. 6s.; sent for 54 stamps. Had of all Chemists.

GREY HAIR.—248 HIGH HOLBORN, London.—ALEX. ROSS'S **HAIR DYE** produces a perfect light or dark colour immediately it is used. It is permanent, and perfectly natural in effect. Price 3s. 6d.; sent free for P.O. Order. Can be had in the Colonies by pattern post.

SPANISH FLY IS THE ACTING Ingredient in ALEX. ROSS'S **CANTHARIDES OIL**, which speedily produces whiskers and thickens hair, 3s. 6d.; sent by post for P.O. Order, 4s. Advice verbally or written, fee 5s. Letters by return.—A. ROSS, 248 High Holborn, London.

ALEX. ROSS'S GREAT HAIR RESTORER. Has no sediment. Restores grey hair in a few days. Produces a beautiful gloss, 3s. 6d.

A FACT.—ALEX. ROSS'S **HAIR-COLOUR WASH** will in 12 hours cause grey hair or whiskers to become their original colour. This is guaranteed by ALEX. ROSS. It is merely necessary to damp the hair with it. Price 10s. 6d.; sent for stamps.—248 Holborn, London.

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SAPINE does not injure Materials.

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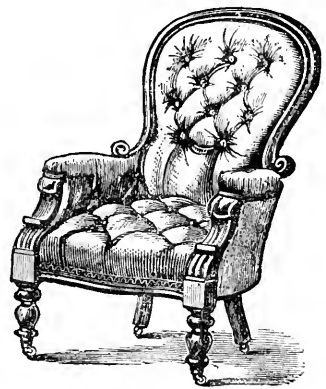
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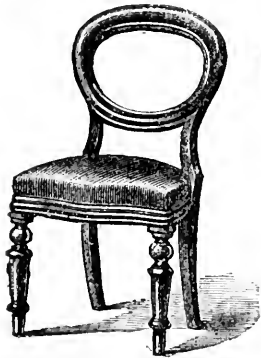


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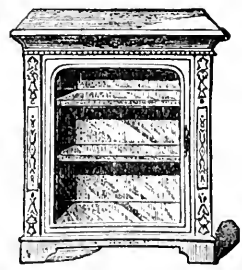
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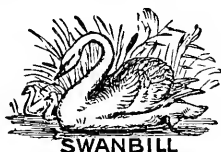
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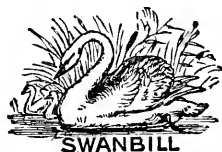
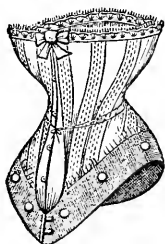
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BALEINES, superbly finished, boned all over, of the finest texture. The bones are as close as it is possible to place them (hence its name), affording the utmost possible support; eminently suited for a good figure; length of busk, 12½ inches. 25s.

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An admirable combination of Ceinture and Corset of novel and ingenious manufacture, combining the advantages of both Stay and Joan of Arc Belt. While imparting a graceful symmetry and elegance to the figure, it affords a degree of comfort and *support* not to be derived from an ordinary Corset. 15 inches deep. 21s. Hand made, 30s. and 42s. (See Illustration.)

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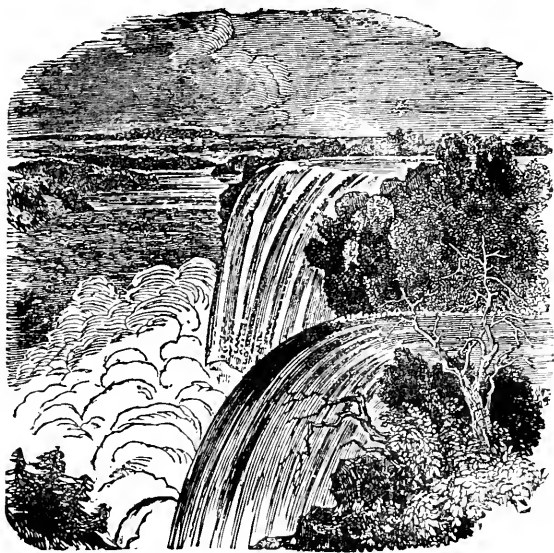
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